YACHTING

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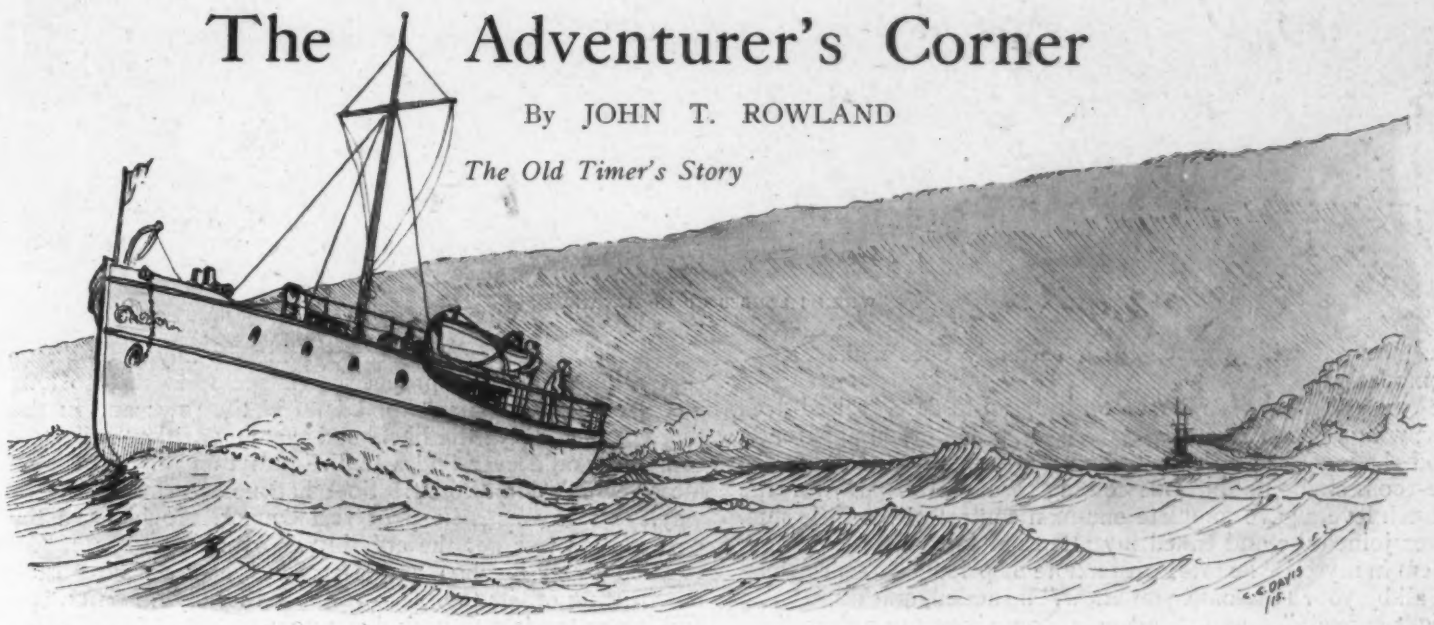
The Adventurer's Corner

By JOHN T. ROWLAND

The Old Timer's Story



FROM the Old Timer we looked for a tale of perils and hardships in the North; but he fooled us—said nothing more exciting than frost-bites or an occasional night in the open with the temperature at 50 below, had ever happened to him in this country. He had, however, at one time adventured in the South. In fact, the better one got to know him the better one learned that there were few portions of our hemisphere where the Old Timer had not operated.

On the particular occasion of which he told us, he had landed up in Havana with only five dollars in his pocket and no prospects. In a shore-front cafeteria he had run across a planter named Nores who offered him a job as engineer of a cruising power boat, and he had accompanied Nores to the plantation to look the proposition over—but I had best let the Old Timer take up the thread of the narrative and tell it in his own way.

A Criminal Unawares

"There's the boat," said my new acquaintance, Nores, when we were standing on the pier of his sugar plantation on the north coast of Cuba. The vessel in question was an able-bodied, seagoing power cruiser almost 60 feet long over all.

Nores noted my surprise at seeing such a sumptuous yacht in this out-of-the-world place, but he made no comment at the time. Later, over our whisky and cigars he explained to me that he had always been an ardent boatman since the days, years ago, when he first sailed a home-built scow with a sail made from an old bedsheet around New London harbor; and that upon one of his business trips to New York the summer previous he had run across this power boat for sale at a ridiculously low figure. He bought her on speculation to sell in Havana, and hired a couple of seafaring friends to run her down and put her in attractive shape on the way. When, however, the boat had once arrived he found her such a valuable asset to the plantation that he had been loath to part with her, though several wealthy Cubans had offered good prices for her in Havana.

"Then you are accustomed to run up to Havana in her instead of going by train?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, often!" he replied; then caught himself.

I purposely studied the tip of my cigar, but felt the gaze of his keen eyes upon me. Of course, the obvious question which my inquiry suggested was why he had not come up that way on this last trip, when he had run into me. The mere fact that he was interested in my having raised the question told me more than an answer on his part would have done. In some subtle way I sensed that the psychological atmosphere was right for my play-up.

"I don't know, Nores," said I, "why you want to hire a man like me to run that boat's engine for you when there are hundreds of spiggoty engineers you could get for less money and half the bother; but your reason must be a good one and my price is going to be good—to match. Fifty dollars gold a week, and found, is my figure."

Nores took the cigar from his mouth and looked at me hard for a moment in silence. His sallow cheeks appeared hollower then ever, and the gray of his eyes more piercingly steely.

"If I meet your figure will you agree to carry out my orders to the letter on that vessel, and no questions asked?" said he.

"So long as you don't order me to do anything criminal, yes."

Nores made a gesture of impatience.

" You won't be ordered to do murder or abduct females," he snapped, "but suppose, just suppose, this very night I was to mark a point on the chart, tell you to start at once and take this boat to it, meet there another vessel, take on board what she has to give you, proceed thence to another point, there transfer your cargo to still another vessel, and come back here—what would you say?"

I laughed. "Oh, I'd take that much chance," says I, "so long as I don't have any unwilling passengers to handle."

"If you have any at all, they'll sure be willing enough," Nores came back, with a grin. "Right O, then!" he went on; "that's settled. I thought I'd sized you up right, and," he concluded, "I'm going to start you off at once. The vessel's stocked up and has fuel on board for 100 miles farther than you have to go." He picked up a lantern, and, with a motion to me to follow, led the way down to the rickety pier or jetty. Then we hopped into a small boat and were soon aboard the cruiser.

Once below, I was so taken up with a study of her layout and machinery that I scarcely paid any attention to Nores, who was rummaging through drawers and lockers in his quick, nervous way, calling my attention to the stock of good things he had put aboard, evidently more than anxious to impress me with the desirability of the billet I had fallen into. I left him turning up the lights in the neat little gilt-and-white owner's cabin, and passed forward through the saloon and galley to the engine room. This was located 'way forward—a practice I don't approve of, as it gives the engineer a pretty tough billet in a jump of sea when every-

"WHEN I LANDED UP IN HAVANA"

thing's smeared with grease, but it certainly does make roomy accommodations.

She was a nice little boat—typical, up-to-date, raised-deck cruiser, with a good make of 4-cycle, 40-h. p. motor, all apparently in good shape. The steering bridge was topside, just abaft the engine-room skylight, and rods coming through to spark, throttle and clutch levers gave complete one-man control of the little ship.

Nores joined me and called my attention to that very feature. "Put 'em in myself," he said, with a note of pride. "You're going to sea all by your lonesome, you know," he added, quickly.

"Right enough," says I, "and now, how about my orders?"

He handed me an envelope. "They're in here. Open it when you're clear of the harbor." He fished out his wallet and laid two crisp twenty-dollar bills and a ten on the mess table. "There's your first week's pay. Get back as soon as you can. Good night!" and he was gone.

When I had got the engine started and went up on deck to cast off moorings a few moments later I saw the small boat with the lantern in the stern reaching the jetty. Nores waved it at me once, just as I slid in the clutch, and Norma gathered headway on the first leg of her mysterious cruise. Then I saw it go bobbing up the trail towards his house, and that was all.

If Nores' confidence in me was rather remarkable, my good faith in the matter, though I should not care to call it remarkable, was certainly no less complete. It was not till the quiet little tropic harbor, with its fringe of soughing palms and its glassy, star-strewn surface, had been left well astern, and we—Norma and I—were out in the Straits of Florida that I opened and perused my "sealed orders."

When I had read them once I secured the wheel and went to study my chart; then I re-read the orders carefully from beginning to end to make sure they checked with the chart. Seeing that they did, I had to sit down and laugh; and before going back on deck I blew myself to a whisky from Nores' private stock. You see, after reading those orders I reckoned I was entitled to all the "found" I could get my paws on—and me figuring I'd driven a shrewd bargain!

Here was the proposition: I was to run the boat 50 miles down the beach to a headland not far from Bahia Honda, where I would find, hove-to a small schooner which would show a blue light over her side on sighting me. This boat would pass over to me (Nores' quotation) "10 packages nails, 2 feet x 4 feet x 2 feet, weight per p'kge 380 lbs. (apprx.). Also one (1) man, name Ramon, middle age, about 5 feet 2 inches tall, sandy moustache, dirty complexion, heavy glasses, speaks broken English only. Will go along with you and take complete charge of later negotiations." My billet evidently concerned only running of the ship.

Now comes the real dope. After shipping this cargo of "nails" and the dirty-complected supercargo I was "to proceed with the very greatest possible speed" across 300 odd miles of open sea to the environs of a harbor of one of our sister republics, and there deliver cargo to another schooner, at Ramon's direction—then return as quickly as possible to Cuba! Some cruise!

People feel differently about such jobs as running contraband. Personally, I never could see anything morally wrong about it—just a good, sporting proposition it seems to me, so long as a man's own country isn't mixed up in the row; and in this case there seemed very little likelihood that any of the "nails" we were to carry would ever find a hunk in anything lighter than brown meat—which don't count. So I had no squeamish feelings *that* way. There was a heap of real danger, though, and the least part of this was *not* the crossing of over 600 miles of Golfo de Mexico (May-hee-ho) at the season when wicked northers rip the frosting off its top. However, I'd let myself in on the game and it was too late to back down now.

One thing I didn't need to have explained to me any more was why Nores had to have a white man to run his boat—nor yet why he had been in such a hurry to "cotton up" to me that morning in Havana when he found I knew gas engines and was out of a job; evidently this was a rush job of the rushingest order. No wonder, either, that the speedy Norma had proved such a "valuable asset to the plantation!"

The first part of the schedule ran off like clockwork. Norma made Point A. by 1.30 A. M. There I found the schooner waiting under the dark loom of the shore. Cargo was all transferred by 2.30, and when the sun came up Norma's 10-knot speed had already put Cuba below the horizon.

Ramon proved not a bad sort of *camarade*. He cooked well, played quavering Spanish tunes on something that looked like a cross between a jew's harp and a guitar, and by the most intense application, I reckon, of his whole scheming life, he even got so he could hang onto the wheel for 15 minutes without having nervous prostration or heading on more than half the points of the compass card while I filled the patent oiler every watch or went below to sample his cooking. The engine ran like a toy windmill—sweet as *lickorish*—and just to help her out a bit I set a young squaresail on the dinky signal mast forward.

We had a fine, big bunch of the northeast trades back of the old girl, and the way she did romp off to looard through the white crests and turquoise blue troughs was a delight to the heart.

Old Ramon (he looked elderly, if he wasn't) rubbed his hooked mits together with joy every time I read 40 plus miles off the log at the end of a watch. "Ah, campadre, zat iss gran'," the old bird used to say. "We arrif to-morrow night, no?—and ze cause it iss save! Gracios a Dios!"

He had about the same formula for every watch-end, only sometimes he used to include Norma along with the Almighty in his blessings. I never noticed him to shower any praises on me, who was greasing the wheels and steering the little wagon on a straight course across a lumpy, following sea, but then, so long as he'd do the cooking and not get seasick I reckon I had no kick coming.

The day and night passed peaceful, with only an occasional rain-squall to vary the monotony. During the mid-watch I did have to douse the squaresail, I recollect, for fear of taking the little beanpole off her deck in a bit of a puff; and about the same time one of my main bearings began to puff smoke, owing to a plug of dirt in the oil feed pipe. You'd have laughed to see old

"THE PIER OF A SUGAR PLANTATION ON THE NORTH SIDE OF CUBA"

Ramon standin' out on the steering bridge in his underwear, hangin' hold of the wheel, with the rain pelting down and the wind howling and the lightning flashing all about us. The old buzzard was game, though, at that, and stayed with it until I'd got her sweetened up again, even if it did give him the first real bath in twenty years.

Ten o'clock next morning I figured we must be getting somewheres into the vicinity of our landfall, and "all hands" of us strained our gleamers ahead plumb eagerly. Mine were heavy for sleep, but Ramon saw land everywhere—what his eyes didn't see his imagination did.

This was aided by the peculiarity of the atmosphere. I didn't communicate the fact to Ramon, but anyone who'd been to sea could tell with half an eye that we were in for a dusting. The usual clear blue of the tropic sky had given way to a dull, leaden color overhead, and the few clouds there were around the horizon had greasy, hard edges. The breeze, too, had died out in a discouraged sort of way, leaving a big, oily ground swell in its place. Most significant, however, was the action of the glass. This had stood abnormally high the day before, but since 6 A. M. she'd tumbled at a rate of two-tenths per hour up till 9 o'clock.

Now she stood steady again; but I knew the next drop, accompanied by the appearance of a black cloud bank on the northern horizon, would mean trouble—with a big T—quick and fast. Accordingly, I was about as eager to see that land somewhere in the murk ahead as Ramon was, only I was thinking a whole lot more about the land itself than I was about our food for revolutions.

When noon came without anything showing up ahead I made up my mind that our log had over-registered. I turned the wheel over to Ramon, who was half sick with badly suppressed impatience, and started to go below to the engine room when I saw something that sent the blood pounding in my temples and then seemed to grab my heart and stop it altogether as I realized the possibilities. It was a big, full-powered battleship, in her gray war paint, tearing across our wake on a southerly course. That had been my first impression. The second was what froze my blood: namely, I saw that she was slowly sweeping around toward the west.

Even while I watched her, black smoke began to pour from two of her three funnels, and, though she was miles away, I could easily see the flashing plume of white at her bows mount half way up the stem. She was after us! In five minutes she had completed the turn, and once her masts were lined up on us they stayed that way.

I sang out to Ramon to look. Between peering for land and steering the boat he had been too busy to so much as glance astern. When he saw her his jaw dropped and his face turned a pasty yellow. For once I saw a greaser too damn scared to be blasphemous.

"Of what nation iss she?" asked Ramon, at last, though the question was a fool one, as it was apparent she was American.

"I expect," says I, "that yonder's either the North Carolina or the Rhode Island or the Delaware. Anyhow, she's one of the big lads, and there's no earthly use trying to give her the slip. The best thing for us to do is to heave-to and wait for her."

To tell the truth, I wasn't so sure, upon reflection, that we would not be better off on board that ship, even as prisoners, than right where we were, with a norther coming up. I was getting plump perked up over the prospect.

" He won't turn us over to the native authorities," I added, "even when he finds out what we're carrying. Too blamed bad we can't get those cases up and overboard, though."

"What you think he do?" asked Ramon, with a queer look.

"Why, we'll just tell him a straight story, and he'll likely confiscate the ammunition and take us along to some neutral port and set us ashore, with a warning and a good scare. It's nothing concerns the U. S."

Ramon laughed—a nasty greaser laugh. Then, "you beeg fool," he shrilled, "don't you know it iss *your own country* zat has declare an embargo, ze very day we sail? It was better to be capture by anybody zan by zis warsheep Americano."

Believe me, it was my turn to feel sick then. My first idea was to heave-to, anyhow, give myself up and plead ignorance to the American embargo. There was just one thing that very effectively prevented me. If Ramon hadn't given the show away like he'd just done I would have gone aboard perfectly innocent and probably got away with it; but I knew well enough it couldn't be done now. Accuse some men of murder and they'll look the part. That's me, all over.

So, without any very definite idea of escape, I kept the little Norma plugging along, and watched the big, gray ship come up astern. First off I went below and speeded the engine up top-notch, gave her all the gas she'd take and advanced the spark the limit. When I went up and read the log I made out she was doing 10.5. Now, the battleship at cruising speed probably had not been going more than 13, and I figured they would scarcely be able to boost her higher than 15 right off the reel with fresh fires to light and all, which meant she was gaining on us at the rate of 4.5 miles per hour. As she was a good six miles off, there would be an hour and twenty minutes before she got alongside—but how much before then she would begin sending us her visiting cards I did not know!

The minutes slipped by pretty slowly. I went below to have a look at the cargo and see if there might not be some chance to get it overside, but the cases were so jammed in that nothing short of a hoist could ever break them out. When it came to lifting, Ramon counted for about as much as an able-bodied cockroach.

I'd been down below possibly 15 minutes, when all of a sudden Ramon began to holler excitedly. I busted up, expecting to have

to dodge a shell from the warship. Instead of that I saw something that frightened me a hang-sight more. The northern horizon was wearing a black hatband, all fringey on the top edge. While you watched it this band widened and spread. Sooner than you'd believe possible it was covering half the sky, and the light of day was really gone. Man, there was some wind back of that! Between the ragged, black cloud and the sea lay a brown haze of hurricane-driven mist, and the sea itself was an unearthly white underneath. Ramon was down on his knees praying like a martyr; the battleship was still coming up astern full tilt, and we were in the center of the stage.

Then, all of a sudden, it dawned on me why she had not fired at us. She wasn't trying to capture us at all! She had taken us for a yacht, and was standing by to save our fool lives—and, incidentally, the old man was running himself into almighty bad water to do it. Maybe I didn't kick myself!

Then, at last I did a thing that showed a little real savvy. I swung that Norma packet square around and headed her back for the battleship, full tilt—just like a fool yachter when he gets in a pinch. For once I played my hand right!

Now, we were approaching each other at the rate of the sum of our speeds, or, say, 25 knots, and had about 2 miles to go, whereas the edge of the storm was, maybe, 3 miles away and coming at a clip of at least 40 knots. You see, it had a little the bulge on us, but I had hopes. Some race, that!

When she saw us heading back, the cruiser fired a gun to windward. I judged she wanted us to work that way, so's we'd drift down on her when the breeze hit. Therefore, I brought Norma's head around two points to the nor'ard. That appeared to satisfy his Nibbs, for he kept right on as before.

It was now almost as black as night. There was still half a mile between us when the first big drops hit on deck. The last thing I saw was the warship slowing down, while officers on the bridge were running about, apparently taking our bearings and estimating our probable drift. Then, with a roar and a rush that next to blotted out consciousness itself, the storm hit.

It caught us on the quarter, but, even so, Norma rolled down to starboard till the bridge deck was awash. The upturned port bilge shot the driving spray up over our heads, else I think we would have been swept overboard at the first gust. As it was, it reminded me of the Cave of the Winds under Niagara, only worse.

You couldn't see a thing, not even the compass, two feet away. I was conscious, nevertheless, that Norma was being swept to leeward like a leaf on a frog pond, though how I knew it I can't say. She still minded her helm—because you could keep the wind on the same bearing—and this in turn told me the engine was still running.

As soon as this first blast was partly spent I tried raising myself up a bit above the driving spume (hanging fast hold of the awning frames all the while), and tried to catch sight of the warship through the drift. I had no doubt she was blowing her whistle all the while, but in that hell of wind and water you could not have heard the roar of a 12-inch gun a hundred feet to looard. Even ten feet above the waterline you could not see more than a few rods, and the warship did not show up in that range.

When a few minutes had passed without seeing anything of her I was scared we'd driven down past—with the whole width of the Caribbean to leeward. I swung Norma around head to wind, and Ramon and I crouched low on deck to keep from being blown away. The engine was still running strong, but you might as well have tried to steam up a waterfall as against that driving, smashing torrent—it was just all a smother, wind and sea together.

Ramon lay face down on deck fastened onto a stanchion! I'd quit thinking about him and was wondering if there was any possible chance of a little tub like ours riding out a norther at sea when, without any warning—we ran plumb into a lee. Like magic, the force of the wind dropped, and there to windward, in place of the gray spindrift, loomed the high side of the warship.

They spotted us the same instant, and in a jiffy a boat's crew had scurried to their stations, lowered away, and, with the end of a line aboard, came driving across the intervening distance toward us. A moment later the boat was alongside. I lifted Ramon and dropped him into the sternsheets; then I sprang after him, and the faithful but misused little Norma, with her motor still running, glided off into the blind smother a-lee.

* * * * * *

We got out to sea in the ship all right, and, after three days of the heaviest weather I've ever seen, we finally made Havana. The officers had no suspicion of us whatever, but the coals of fire were more than my head could stand, and I figured I owed Nores something, anyhow, for starting me on a racket against the flag without my knowing of it. So, the day we got into port I made a clean breast of it all to the captain, and the result was the hauling in of one of the worst filibustering outfits that ever operated to the detriment of the U. S. Government.

I tell you, I'm glad to be clear of it all and back here in the clean, cold North.

Some Hints on Buying a Boat

Points to Be Looked for in Examining a Boat and Some Hints to the Uninitiated

By CHAS. H. HALL

THE purchase of a boat is apt to resemble a horse trade, in that the inexperienced buyer runs a great chance of getting stuck. The average would-be owner knows little about construction, and only a man who has had considerable experience with repair work knows where to look for weak places.

After finding a craft that seems suitable, if you do not care to hire an expert to examine it for you, go to the yard yourself. A boat should never be bought without an examination *out of the water,* and a good time for this is when she is in winter quarters, on the beach or in a shed.

Go aboard and take a look at the accommodations. See whether the head-room, cabin arrangements, locker space, etc., are what you want. If they are not suitable, there is no use wasting any more time over her. If she pleases you below, go outside and look her over carefully, noting particularly type, fairness of form and the general appearance. Do not be deceived by fresh paint, for paint and putty cover a multitude of sins. It is well to look up her age, designer and builder, as the chances are that this information will give you a good line on her probable condition. Do not, however, condemn her simply because she is old. A boat designed by such a master as the late A. Cary Smith and built by a high-class firm may be in better condition, though twelve or fifteen years old, than one poorly designed and cheaply built, though only five or six years of age. Try to find out what care she has had, as nothing deteriorates as fast as a boat not well cared for.

General Condition

In looking over the outside watch particularly for any signs of strain. Note if the sheer line is a fair sweep or if it is pulled up at the shrouds or runner plates, or droops at the ends. Note any unfair spots, or any places where the planking seems to be starting off. Occasionally, you will find a spot where there have been a number of extra fastenings driven in the planking, which should make you suspicious. Unfair spots, lumps or hollows denote either too light scantling, poor building or excessive strain. If the boat happens to be coppered the metal should be smooth and not show any wrinkles.

Look carefully at the seam between the garboard strake and the keel, and be sure that there is a good rabbet in the keel. If the garboard is not rabbeted into the keel, but just lays flush

against it, this will always be a weak place and liable to leak, as caulking will only tend to drive the garboard off. Other places to look for trouble are around the centerboard trunk, the mast step, and at the rudder port.

Wide seams and butts do not show good workmanship, though a boat's planking always shrinks when she is hauled out and swells when afloat. The caulking, however, should be firm and in good condition. It may be tried with a knife, or, in a large boat, with a caulking iron and maul. If the builder thinks he can get a job of recaulking, he is apt to test this pretty severely. In a big boat he will send out a couple of huskies, with caulking iron and beetle, who will apparently try to drive the bottom up through the deck. I remember one little Italian caulker in New York, who would sling a beetle with the force of a trip hammer, drive the oakum in an inch or so, and then look dreadfully pained if the order was not given to him to recaulk her all over.

DECKS

On deck, look first at the shape of the deck and see whether it is still round and fair, or whether the crown has flattened out or the deck settled in spots. The joint of the cabin trunk and the deck is apt to be a weak place, and the deck often goes down here. The cockpit coaming sometimes opens the seam between itself and the deck when the boat is carrying sail hard. This will not show when she is at rest, but close examination of the under side of the deck will tell the story. Note if the deck is worn down. If it is, the plugs over the fastening will be sticking up and each cleat and fitting will stand up on a little island of wood. Look also for repaired spots or short pieces of planking called Dutchmen.

If the deck is canvassed, examine this closely for condition, particularly where it is turned up. The canvas on the top of the house is apt to go first at the corners around the companionway and skylight coamings, and where it turns down over the edge of the house. Inside, look at the partners—where the mast goes through the deck—and mast wedges, and also at the mast step. If the partners are not well braced, the deck seams will leak, and if the wedges are not tight or have not a proper canvas mast coat, the stick is apt to rot, and will go by the board unexpectedly.

LOOK FOR SIGNS OF STRAIN

Looking around below you will get a general idea of the condition and scantling. See that everything is fair and all parts are fitting closely. Be suspicious of shims—short, thin pieces of wood driven in to fill up a wide joint. Their presence means either careless building or undue strain. They are not used by self-respecting builders. As for the ceiling on the sides, there should always be an opening close up to the deck for ventilation. If any part of the boat is closed up tight dry rot is apt to start there, so look particularly at such places. Take a candle and crawl in under the cockpit and as far aft as you can get, sticking your knife in where possible and looking for soft spots. This place is hard to ventilate properly and decay often starts here.

A. Briscoe, *Yachting Monthly*.
THINGS WE'VE ALL MET: THE PROSPECTIVE BUYER

SIGNS OF LEAKAGE

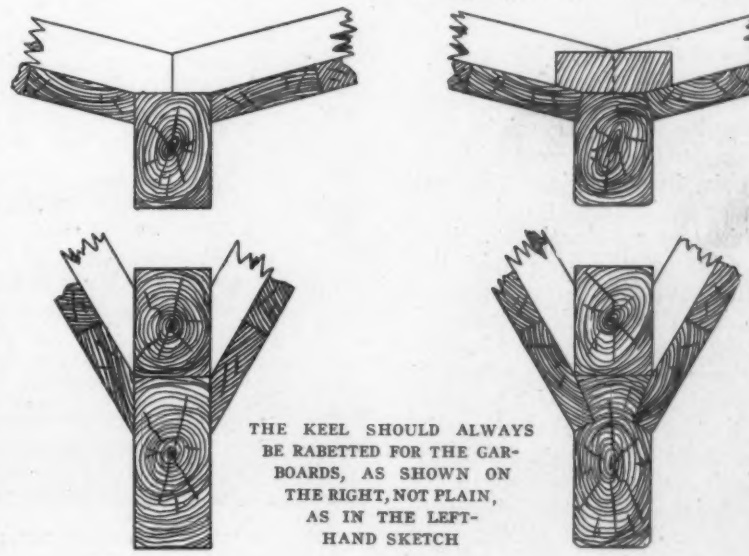
Have some of the floor boards up and look closely at the keel and floor timbers. See whether the bilge is clean or dirty, and test with a knife for softness. If she is a keel boat see whether the keel bolts holding the ballast seem to have worked any. It might be a good plan to back out one of these bolts, particularly if the boat was built on fresh water, as often the head and nut of such a bolt appear nearly perfect while the body may be eaten away to almost nothing.

Look also for signs of water in the bilge. Frequently a boat is perfectly tight while at anchor, but leaks as soon as she is driven hard. The seams of the topside may be open—the planking having dried out—or she may simply wring and open up because too lightly built. If a boat has water slopping around in her bottom it will nearly always leave some signs of its presence either in the bilge or on the bottom of the locker fronts, or at the extreme backs of drawers close to the floor.

LOOK AT FASTENINGS

While inside get a look at the fastenings. There is a prejudice against galvanized fastenings, but a well driven galvanized fastening properly riveted or clinched is better than a poorly driven copper one. I know one galvanized fastened boat, sixteen years old the last time I saw her, built by an amateur, that was still in very good condition, though she had been used—or rather misused—in a boat livery and had dragged ashore on a hard beach in almost every easterly blow for the previous five or six seasons. Black iron has no business anywhere on a boat. It always leaves rust streaks and is apt to corrode and break when there is a strain.

Nose around and trace out the ice-box drain. This often goes into the bilge, makes a nasty mess there, and starts decay. If the boat has an engine, there may be a good deal of oil and grease in the bilge near it, but when a boat is properly laid up this part should be as clean as any other, though it is often neglected. Oil and grease stains in the bilge in the neighborhood, while unsightly, are no detriment, as oil is a good preservative of the wood.



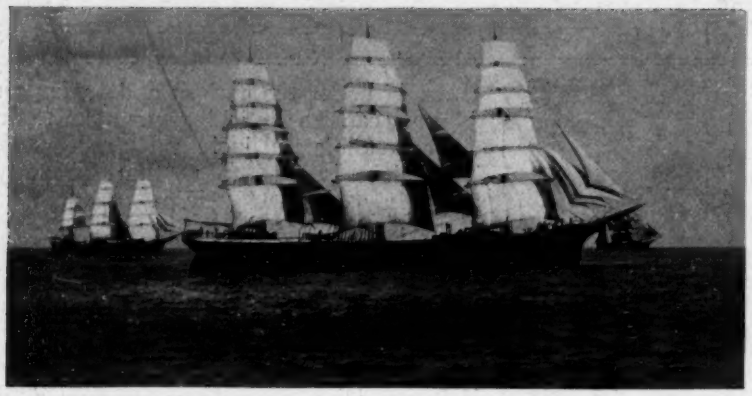
THE KEEL SHOULD ALWAYS BE RABETTED FOR THE GARBOARDS, AS SHOWN ON THE RIGHT, NOT PLAIN, AS IN THE LEFT-HAND SKETCH

Look over the spars carefully, especially the mast, and be suspicious if it has a brass band to take the chafe of the gaff jaws, as this is a fine dry rot producer, and the masthead may tumble over the side some day. Look also for any signs of springing, which will show by the ragged appearance of the fibres of the wood.

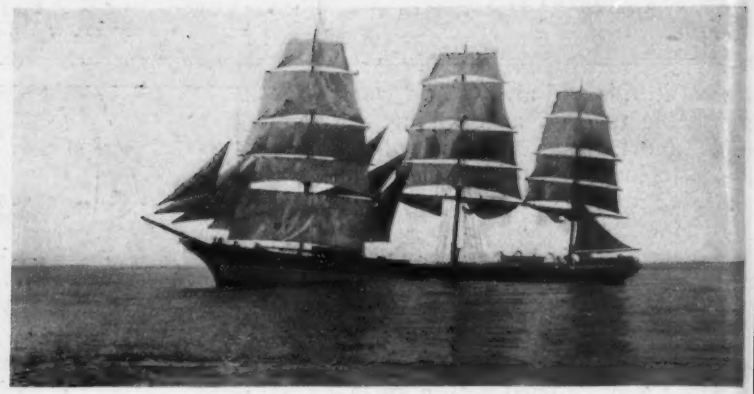
SAILS AND RIGGING

Have the sails spread on a clean spot and go over them carefully for general condition, patches or signs of mildew. Open up the strands of the bolt rope and compare the color of

(*Continued on page* 167)



ON THE PACIFIC THE SAILING SHIP IS MAKING ITS LAST STAND. A GROUP OF WINDJAMMERS TAKEN OFF CAPE FLATTERY QUITE RECENTLY



IN THE DOLDRUMS. "THE SAILS HANG EMPTY FROM THE YARDS, BLOCKS CREAK AND GROAN TO THE ROLL OF THE SHIP"

The Remaining Tracks of Sail

By J. M. CRAWFORD, in YACHTING Monthly

Photos by Capt. H. H. Morrison

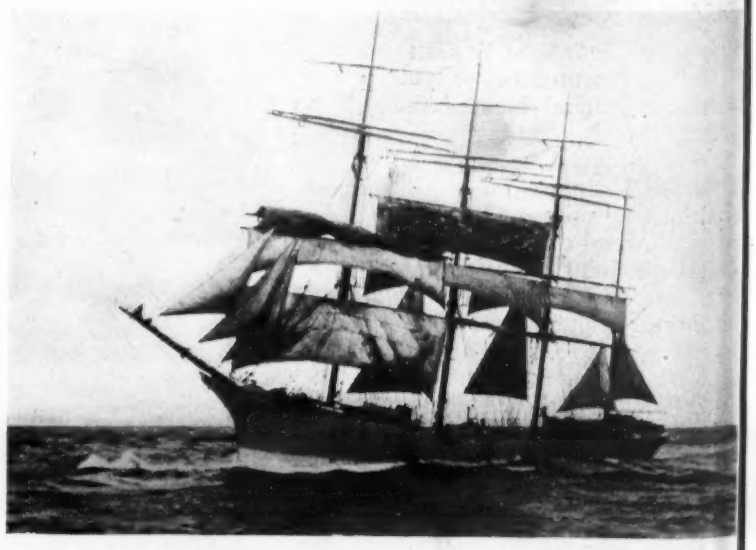
CLEWING UP

THE old shipmaster will tell you that he has observed no more notable change in the aspect of the sea in his time than the disappearance of the sailing vessel from her once populous tracks. The straight lanes by which steamers go are more crowded than ever they were, but outside of their limits the devious sailing routes, once flecked with ivory topsails, are almost deserted. He finds the vicinity of the Horn and the "roaring forties" less frequented to-day than at any time within his recollection, and may travel for days at a stretch through the core of the steady Trades without sighting a friendly sail.

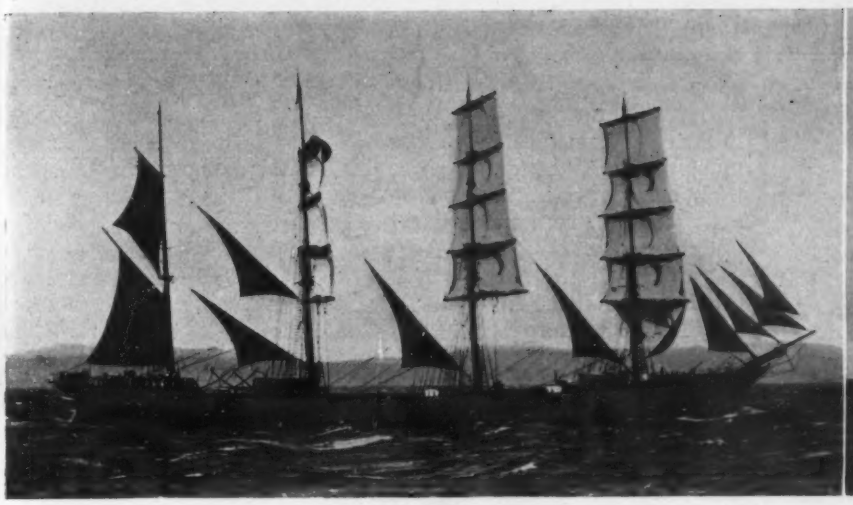
These old packets which still depend upon the favor of the wind are not blown irresponsibly across the full breadth of the ocean upon their interminable voyages. They have their own highways, and seldom stray far beyond their boundaries. Indeed, the regularity of the sailing routes is remarkable. Vessels setting out together from the Channel upon a voyage into the Pacific are likely to meet at intervals on the passage, especially at such busy cross-roads as the belt of equatorial calm between the trade winds or the tempestuous corner of the Horn, and travel during long spells of equal sailing just out of sight of one another beyond the sky-line. At any period of the voyage their deviation from the usual track may be covered by a couple of hundred miles one way or the other, which is no distance to speak of in the open sea.

The most frequented path, nowadays, of the vanishing sailer is that which leads out round the Horn into the Pacific and home again. At an ordinary time (before the war) one might find a dozen square-rigged ships and four-masted barks, most of them French or German, loading coal or coke in the Bristol Channel ports and preparing for lonely voyages which will terminate, a hundred days later, in some obscure bight of the South American seaboard. From the mouth of the Channel the course of the Cape Horner across the Bay lies south southwest, or as near as she can make it. Her skipper recognizes three critical stages of his journey, the first of which is his departure from the Channel with the chance of being baffled at the outset by the southwesterly winds which so often prevail north of the thirty-fifth parallel. A kindly wish on the eve of sailing is that he may "take the northeast Trades at the dock gates," and so make a flying start through the thick of the coastwise traffic. Such a thing does happen occasionally in the experience of the grateful shipmaster, who casts off the tow-rope at Lundy, crowds all sail on his packet, and carries a following wind on his course to the eastward of the islands until in the latitude of 28—a few degrees north or south acording to the season of the year—he picks up the true Trades and sets off on their wings at a steady, seven-knot clip. The day is always a red letter one on which the mate makes the entry in his log: "This day encountered the first of the Trade Winds." For hard upon a couple of thousand miles the ship presses south under rounded canvas, and scarcely varies the length of her daily run from noon to noon. It is no wonder that when they blow faint and flicker out some six or eight degrees on this side of the Line the outward bounder leaves them with regret to enter upon the most tantalizing stage of her journey.

She may get the change to the southeast Trades in a rain squall, trim her yards to the freshening breeze, and plunge off again on her scarcely interrupted career. At most seasons of the year the belt of equatorial calm which stretches in the form of an elongated hour-glass between the coast of Brazil and the African Continent is barely a couple of hundred miles in breadth at the point, between the meridians of 26 and 30, where ships cross the Line. But more philosophy goes as a rule to the navigation of these two hundred miles than of any other equal stretch of salt water. A tropical sun beats down on the shadeless decks, bubbling pitch at every seam. The sails hang empty from the yards, blocks creak and groan, the rudder swings idly to the roll of the ship. Now and again a wandering air fills her canvas, she gathers steerage way and ripples through the water at the rate of



FOUR-MASTED BARK ECUADOR IN THE "ROARING FORTIES"



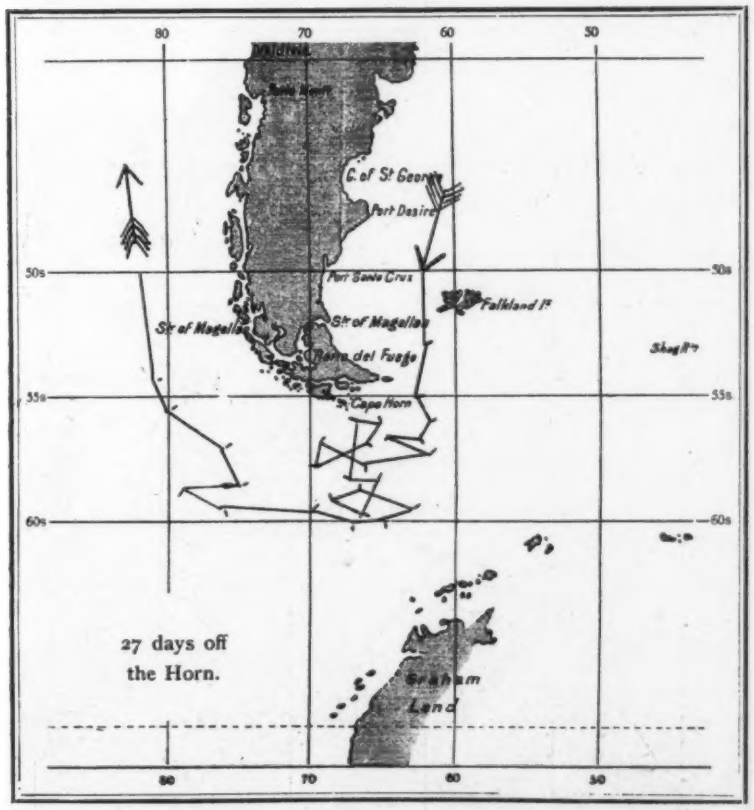
THE OUTWARD-BOUNDER

AMERICAN SHIPS ARE ALWAYS KNOWN BY THEIR TALL, TAPERING RIG

a couple of knots an hour. Forty miles is a good day's work in the Doldrums, and the shipmaster has little to complain of who spends no more than a week or ten days of his passage in these baffling latitudes.

The immense respect in which earlier navigators held the Doldrums may be explained by their habit of hugging the African coast as long as they could, and thereafter steering a wearisome course through the region of tropical calm, where it broadens out towards the mainland. But even nowadays ships sometimes encounter long spells of windless calms in the neighborhood of the Equator, particularly during the months of June, July and August. Not long ago the ship Celtic Glen arrived at Falmouth after a voyage of 150 days from Iquique (although that is not a phenomenally protracted passage) and reported that she had experienced thirty days of flat calm on the Equator, during which she had drifted in company with a number of other vessels. A few years ago the well-known old skysail yarder The Hahnemann lay becalmed for sixty days in the tropics, in the course of which she drifted five times across the Line.

But in one respect the debatable ground between the Trades provides a pleasant break in the monotony of lonely seagoing.

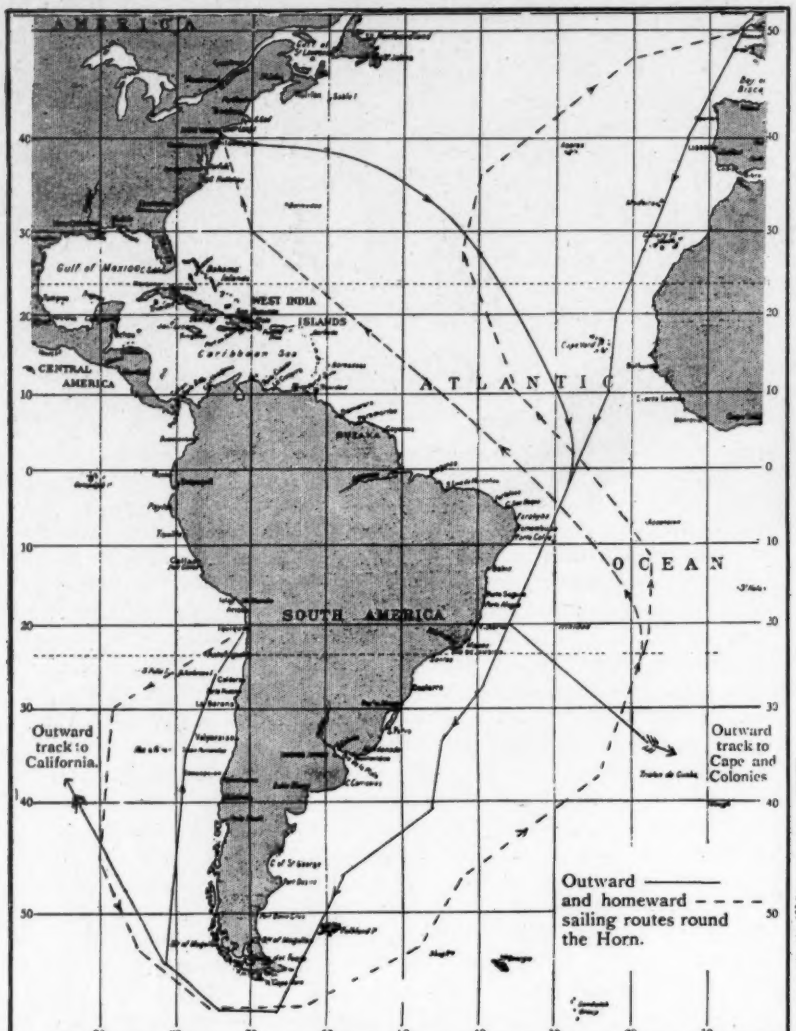


TRACK CHART OF A SAILING SHIP IN DOUBLING CAPE HORN

It is the only stage between the mouth of the Channel and the Horn where the outward-bound vessel is likely to encounter her homeward-bound consorts. On the limits of the Trade winds their tracks converge, intersect and part again. In the days when topsails were more numerous than steamship funnels it was a noted maritime rendezvous. The ships which congregated there drifted for days in company, and signaled friendly greetings. Belated homeward-bounders, who were beginning to be a trifle hungry after four months at sea, took the opportunity of replenishing their provisions by the courtesy of the well-found outward-bound vessels, whose lazarettes were full of victuals for a twelve-months' voyage, and bartered a spare bolt of canvas or half a coil of manila rope for a barrel of sugar and a bag of split peas to eke out their scanty rations until they made Queenstown or Falmouth some 25 or 30 days later.

The N.E. winds are a valuable aid to his navigation, but it is south of the Line that the shipmaster reckons on making his passage good. Life is a pleasant business on board the windjammer through the S.E. trades. Her course is a steady south-southwest, with a lively sea slapping against her sides, the crisp breeze thrumming through her rigging and a broad, wide path unwinding astern. The fine-weather suit of canvas, which has seen many years' service, is bent on the yards. It is the season for the simple amenities of shipboard. The watch below sleep in their bunks like gentlemen, undisturbed in these latitudes by the nightmare of a call for all hands.

When, in the twenties, the brave winds at last begin to falter, those more fortunate vessels which are bound to the Cape of Good Hope or the Colonies part company with the main fleet and slant eastward across the South Atlantic until, in the vicinity of Tristan d'Acunha, they enter the "roaring forties" and pick up the rollicking west winds which will blow them all the way to Cape Leeuwin. But the Cape Horners, continuing the course which they have scarcely varied for any length of time since they lost the Channel lights, skirt the South American coastline, passing between the Falklands and the mainland, until they sight the cliffs of Staten Island, some 70 days out from home and 35 from the line. By this time preparations have been made for the beat to windward round the Horn, which is the most dogged adventure of the voyage. New running gear has been rove, the stoutest suit of sails bent on the yards, and the hatches battened down with extra tarpaulins. When the outward-bounder shows her nose beyond Cape St. John she enters a region where she may labor uselessly for weeks at a stretch in the teeth of an almost continuous succession of westerly gales. It sometimes happens that the prudent shipmaster prefers to bide his time, and lies patiently under his lower topsails in the lee of Staten Island until a shift of wind gives him a chance of a favorable slant to the westward. On these occasions he draws from a deep well of philosophy. He has never known the head wind which did not blow itself out at the last. It is better to lose a week on passage than to limp back to the Falklands to refit, his sails blown to ribbons and his bulwarks hammered into a mass of crumpled steel, as out-

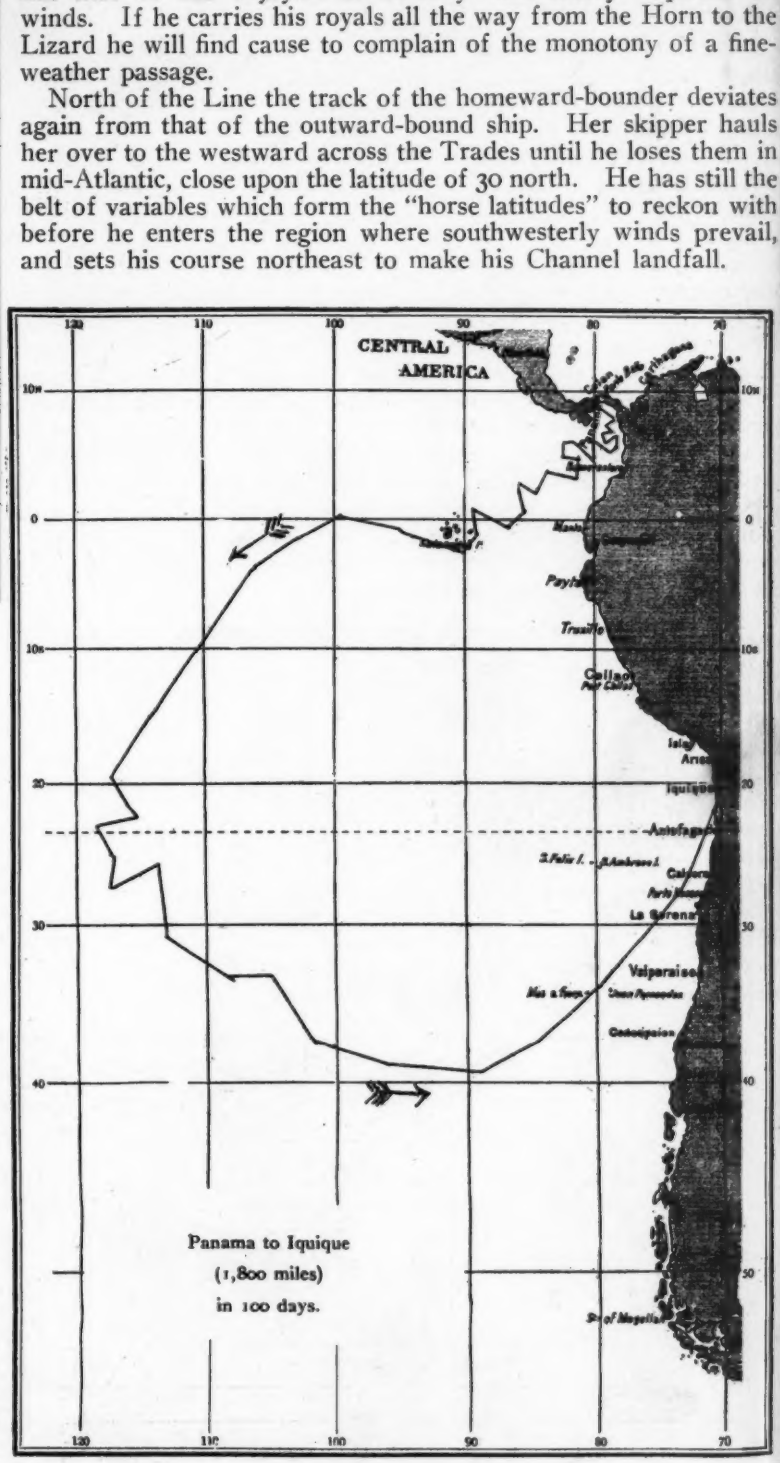


ward-bound ships used to do every autumn, not singly, but in convoys.

No quarter of the navigable seas has impressed its perils more deeply upon the seaman's imagination than the desolate waste which lies between the parallels of 50 and 50 on either side of the South American Continent. Forty days is not an unusual time to spend in doubling Cape Horn. Ships sometimes abandon the windward beat in despair and square yards to engage upon the long track "east about" by the Cape of Good Hope and the Australian Continent, and thence across the Pacific to their intended port. The outward passage of the Horn is a desperate business at best. The track chart of the sailer bound to the westward shows a maze of courses crossing and recrossing, and her logbook a record of the heartbreaking evolutions of tacking or wearing ship to the best advantage, handing or setting sail as the fury of the wind permits, until by sheer dogged perseverance she has weathered Cape Stiff and won her way to the meridian of 75, where she turns her head northward, and, making a fair wind of the blustering westerlies for the first time, speeds on their wings into the serener latitudes of the Pacific. To the westward of the Horn, also, the tracks diverge of the Californian ships, with a couple of weary months of seafaring still before them. The remainder of the fleet pursue an uneventful course to the northward before a diminishing breeze until they pick up Juan Fernandez and close in upon the copper coast of Chile.

When the old ship hoists sail again, after spending the best part of three months in the discharge and loading of her cargoes at the rate of a leisurely hundred tons a day, she sets a different course upon her homeward passage. She has no contrary winds to contend with off the Horn. The brave west winds pick her up to windward of the Cape, where she meets her grain-laden consorts from California and the Colonies, and blow her before them under all the canvas she can safely carry. Her rollicking career is an exasperating spectacle in the eyes of outward-bound shipmasters who sight her flying to the eastward under low sail, while their own craft lie like half-tide rocks and labor to no good in a heavy sea. From there her track follows the lines of an elongated S, of which the tail touches the Horn and the head lies at the mouth of the English Channel. Passing to the eastward of the Falklands this time, she stands boldly over into the region of the Trades, where she reckons on doing the best work of her passage. But disappointed seamen sometimes encounter no southeast winds to speak of, and pursue a tedious course to the Line with the conviction that the Trade Winds, like ships, are not what they were in their younger days. In fact, it is the habitual impression of the sailing shipmaster that he makes his voyages in the teeth of adverse elements. None of the cloth will ever admit that he has enjoyed an entirely satisfactory sequence of winds. If he carries his royals all the way from the Horn to the Lizard he will find cause to complain of the monotony of a fine-weather passage.

North of the Line the track of the homeward-bounder deviates again from that of the outward-bound ship. Her skipper hauls her over to the westward across the Trades until he loses them in mid-Atlantic, close upon the latitude of 30 north. He has still the belt of variables which form the "horse latitudes" to reckon with before he enters the region where southwesterly winds prevail, and sets his course northeast to make his Channel landfall.



Homeward-bound to the States, he sets his course nor'west, from the latitude of Cape San Roque, and with the northeast Trades abeam he hangs on to the latitude of Bermuda before hauling north for Delaware Breakwater.

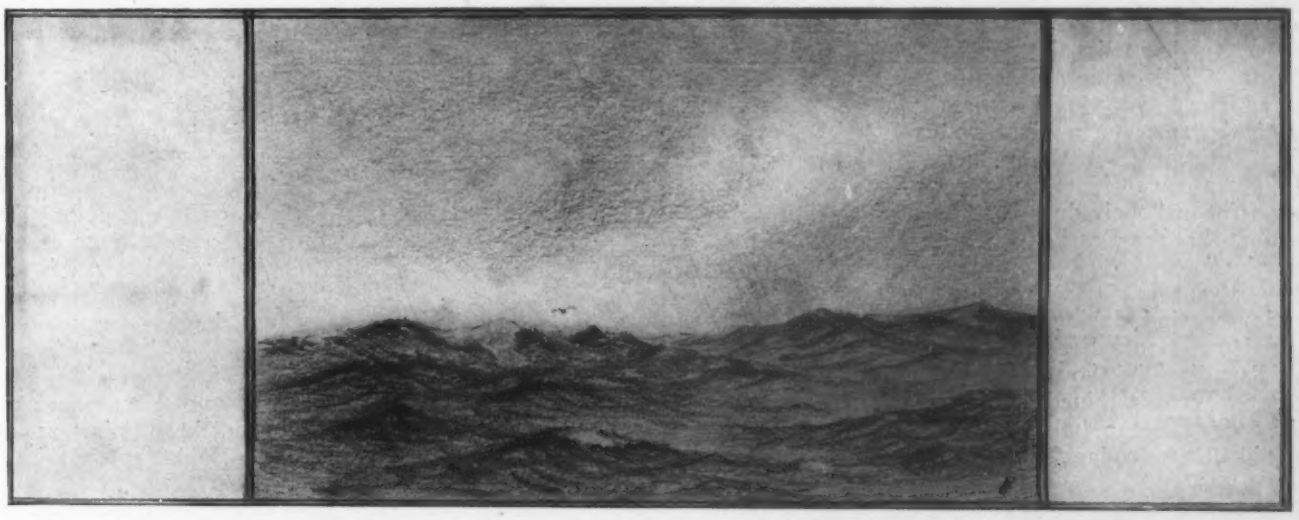
Anything under a hundred days from port is good work on the outward or homeward voyage round the Horn, although some of the swift German four-masted vessels engage in the nitrate trade go out and home as regularly as steamboats, in seventy odd days. Between Cardiff and Iquique, a distance of 9,300 miles by the direct steam route, the outward-bound sailing vessel covers not less than 10,500, and seldom more than 11,000 miles. The homeward track is 1,000 miles longer, the additional mileage being due to the wide sweep of the ship's course in the South Atlantic, while standing over into the southeast winds, and her deviation to the westward in the North Atlantic, caused by the set of the northeast Trades. Although an average rate of five knots an hour does not seem much to boast of in comparison with steam, or even with the records of great speed under canvas, it is a useful enough gait. There require to be many days on the passage when a distance of 200 or 250 miles is run to make up for idle days in the Doldrums or useless days off the Horn. On a typical passage of a hundred days from Iquique to Falmouth fifteen days show a run of over 200 miles, the best day's work of 247 miles being covered while steering N.N.E. from the Azores to the mouth of the Channel in a strong, southeasterly breeze, with the royals, fore and mizen topgallant sails and crossjack made fast. On sixteen days a distance of under 60 miles was registered, the worst being a day's work of 12 miles in light airs to the northward of the Line.

A favorite round of the old-fashioned ship, on which she shows her paces to greater advantage than on the Cape Horn voyage, takes her out from the English Channel to the Colonies with a cargo of general merchandise to return home with grain. The ships that go out to the Antipodes by the eastward route come back again by the Horn, and so circumnavigate the globe in the course of a direct out and home voyage. It was while running down their easting in the "roaring forties" that records of almost incredible mileage used to be piled up by the old Australian clippers. These vessels generally carried light cargoes on the outward passage, and were consequently in good sailing trim. The famous Thermopylae is reputed to have attained a speed of eighteen knots an hour in the course of one of her outward passages. Daily runs of 360 miles from noon to noon were often made by the smartest of the clippers. Within more recent history the bark Wendur, which met her end a couple of years ago on the Seven Stones, traveled from the meridian of the Cape to Hobson's Bay, a distance of 5,000 miles, in 19 days. In 1913 the London four-masted bark Oweenee, a noted ship for passages, made the run out from Dublin to Sydney in 72 days, which comes fairly close to the performances of the old ships, and is an example of the speed which can be sustained by the powerful modern sailing vessel under favorable conditions. But anything under 90 days is a creditable passage to the Australian ports, the distance from London to Melbourne by the steamer track being 11,500 miles, to which the deviations of sail add a couple of thousand more.

Instead of loading direct for home, the Colonial trader may continue upon a triangular voyage across the Pacific with coal, and thence homewards with nitrate from Chile, or wheat from California. The port of Newcastle, New South Wales, famed among sailormen for its exportation of coal and its handsome barmaids, is still a resort of square sails. In its early days, when exports were mainly to California, the trade was conducted by brigs and handy barkentines, of which old shipping lists show sixty or more in the port at one time. These gradually gave way to larger barks and full-rigged ships, now in their turn supplanted by steam. Some wonderfully smart runs have been made on this stage of the triangular voyage. The distance of 6,200 miles by the direct route, or 6,900 miles by the sailing track between Newcastle and Valparaiso, has frequently been covered in thirty days. Steering eastward along the stormy path of the forties, the ship bound across the Pacific is pursued by the same league-long "greybeards" which she encounters most unwillingly on her outward passage of the Horn, and carries the boisterous westerly gales with her almost to within sight of the South American coast. On a recent and not exceptional passage of 37 days from port to port there were nineteen on which a run of 200 miles was exceeded, the best day's work being 284 miles with topgallant sails furled before a heavy gale from the west-southwest. The trans-Pacific voyage is not without its maritime tragedies. During the past five years seven fine ships have cleared from Newcastle and never been heard of, probably pooped and overwhelmed by the following sea while running before the wind, always a dangerous point of sailing for the ship under a press of canvas.

The protracted passages which the sailing ship may make over short distances are as notable as her occasional bursts of speed. These circuitous ballast voyages from point to point on the Pacific seaboard upon which she is sometimes obliged to engage are particularly remarkable. A frequent journey takes her down from a Central American port where she has discharged to the Chilian nitrate port, where she will load for home. Although the distance, say, from Panama to Iquique is only a matter of 1,800 miles, it is not an uncommon thing for a vessel to spend a hundred days or more on the passage, during which she may cover an actual sailing distance of 8,000 miles. Light airs and an adverse current baffle her at the outset. She must stand far out into the Pacific before she picks up the light Trades and steers her course to the southward until, hard upon 40 degrees south of the Line, she is able to head eastward, then to the northeast, and make a leading wind of it to her port of destination.

Necessity has taken the survivors of the great sailing fleet into these obscure byways of trade. One meets a stray windjammer loitering down through the Pacific under a deckload of Oregon pine or loading a malodorous cargo of guano, basket by basket, in an open Peruvian roadstead. But her spacious tracks yearly become less frequented. So passes the tradition of many fine ships, but until the last of those who have known them pass also, the old sailing routes will be occupied by the ghosts of tall barks.



The Salving of the Navy Tug Potomac

By EVERETT HAMILTON

Early last winter the U. S. tug Potomac was sent up to the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the rescue of some American fishing schooners which were caught in the ice near Bay of Islands, Newfoundland, and apparently doomed to destruction. The tug herself was caught in the ice floe, and drifted around the Gulf, helpless, until her coal gave out, when she was abandoned in February by her crew, who made their way over the ice to safety. The tug was given up as lost by the majority of shipping men till on May 26th she was brought into Port au Choix, Newfoundland, by O. C. Gould, the American Consular Agent. The story of her rescue, after drifting in the ice for nearly four months, is told in the following article.—Editor.

O. C. GOULD, THE AMERICAN CONSULAR AGENT, WHO SALVED THE POTOMAC

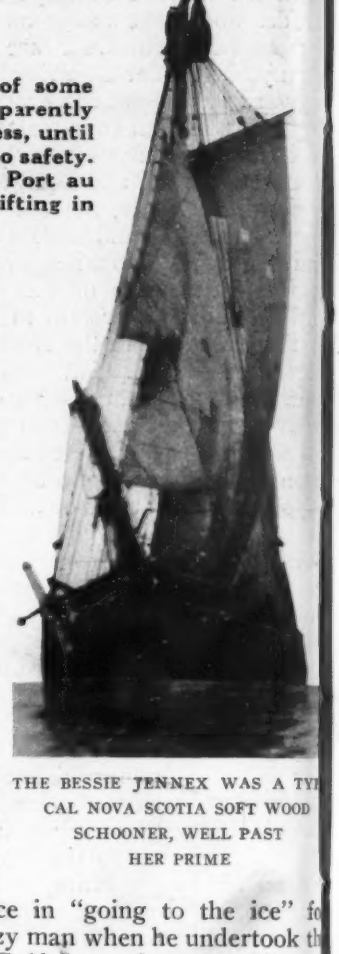
SHE was built long years ago at La Have, Nova Scotia—the Bessie Jennex was. Some say it's twenty-seven years since she came off the builder's ways. As you know how they build soft-wood schooners down there, you are aware, as well as I, that an age of more than fifteen years renders a Canadian schooner suitable only for those for whom the sea has no terrors or those who can afford no better. So the exact age of the Bessie Jennex is immaterial—whether a score or a score and six. The baby Bess, after whom she was named, is grown and flown, but the scarred old windjammer preserves the name.

Into this lifetime the Bessie Jennex has crowded many adventures and has known many owners, till now she is the property of a Newfoundland skipper who looks upon her, under his grizzled eyebrows, with much the same affection and respect as the average landlubber would hold for his coffin—were he, perchance, to be the proud possessor of one previous to his demise.

She knew most every Nova Scotian port in her earlier years, while her builder still freighted and fished in her. With succeeding Canadian owners, her career was similar. She is rumored to have carried two or three trips of dried codfish to the Brazils and the Mediterranean, but, even if this is true, it is nothing more than many Lunenburg vessels do every fall. Finally, she was sold to a St. Pierre Frenchman for fishing, and, likely enough, for liquor smuggling to Canada and Newfoundland—a business which formerly flourished, and which still offers good rewards. This sale nearly ended the Bessie Jennex, for an obtrusive official, on behalf of a paternalistic government, promptly pronounced her unfit to carry men to sea, and proceeded to condemn her. The question was very earnestly debated by her new owner, and, finally, the government was content with a liberal introduction of forged iron knees and straps and bolts to keep the spruce planking from falling off the timbers, or the timbers from parting company. How well these metal aids performed their duty is to be seen in the fact that the Bessie Jennex is still "seaworthy."

From her advent at St. Pierre until 1914 was a long period, during which she fished, lugged coal from Sydney mines to exposed Canadian lighthouses, played harpy at a dozen wrecks, joined the Newfoundland sealing fleet a half a dozen years, and did other drudgery in neighboring waters. It happened last winter that the large United States naval tug Potomac was caught in the ice floes of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and, when her coal gave out, was abandoned by her crew. Orders were subsequently given to O. C. Gould, an American consular officer in Newfoundland, to save her if possible.

The success of his attempt depended primarily upon getting a cargo of bunker coal to the tug before she could be released from the icejam off St. John's Bay, near the Straits of Belle Isle. This involved a journey of 300 miles through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, always full of heavy ice in winter and sometimes frozen over solid from Anticosti to Cape St. George, and from Cape Whittle to Bonne Bay.



THE BESSIE JENNEX WAS A TYPICAL NOVA SCOTIA SOFT WOOD SCHOONER, WELL PAST HER PRIME

Newfoundlanders with experience in "going to the ice" for seals referred to Mr. Gould as a crazy man when he undertook the task of carrying coal through the Gulf in a schooner. Most of them held the further opinion that the Potomac was sure to be carried into the Straits of Belle Isle and crushed long before coal could be gotten to her.

U. S. NAVY TUG POTOMAC, WHICH WAS ABANDONED IN THE ICE IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE IN FEBRUARY AND SALVED IN MAY

But Mr. Gould was determined, and cast about for a schooner which he "could afford to lose, if necessary, in getting the coal there." From the references to the Bessie Jennex just made you can judge how she happened to be chosen. Within a week she had been heavily sheathed with birch planks braced lengthwise and transversely with heavy timbers and loaded with 60 tons of coal and provisions sufficient for herself and the Potomac for a stay as late as June 15th. Vessels caught by the ice while sealing in the Gulf have not infrequently been held into June. Even the harbors of Western Newfoundland do not open until the middle of May, and as late as July 29th I have seen 40 miles of field ice in the Gulf.

Not only did the schooner carry provisions and coal for the Potomac, but extra men were shipped to be transferred to the tug upon arrival, among them being engineers, oilers and firemen. Getting men was considerable of a task because local men knew the age and character of the Bessie Jennex. Most of them signed on with considerable misgivings, and I was told that, had Mr. Gould not been going on the vessel himself, he could not have gotten a crew

THE BLEAK NEWFOUNDLAND COAST FROM THE DECK OF THE BESSIE JENNEX

WORKING THE ICE FREE FROM THE BOW OF THE SCHOONER IN ORDER TO REACH OPEN WATER

CRUISING BACK AND FORTH UNDER REEFED SAILS NEAR ANTICOSTI WITH THE ICE FLOE TO LEEWARD

One engineer was engaged and came a long distance to join the schooner, but one look at her was enough for him. Excellent wages was one important inducement, and when the eighteen men were obtained they were all remarkably well selected for the work in view.

The log of the schooner for the three weeks following loading had a decided sameness. Nor'westers and sou'westers were regularly recorded, but never a northeaster to drive the ice from Cape St. George or off from the Northwestern Newfoundland coast. Several times the Bessie Jennex put out from Channel (part of Port aux Basques, Southwestern Newfoundland) only to be compelled to return by solid masses of ice reaching from Cape St. George to, and south of, St. Paul's Islands. More than once the harbor was blown full of ice and the schooner so tightly jammed that she could not have availed herself of a fair wind had it come.

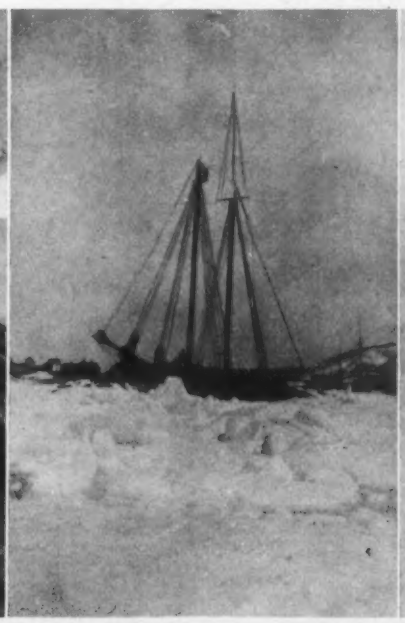
At last, in desperation, though ice and winds were still adverse, the master was ordered to "put to sea to stay to sea," and within a few hours the fore-and-after was deep in the ice, making slow progress with every other tide as the ice loosened, and hard and fast during the remaining half of the time. It was discouraging work for a number of days, but finally open water was reached on the Anticosti side. Then, as luck would have it, began a series of very heavy westerly winds in which the weather side of the ice was a poor refuge.

The ice was an unbroken sheet fast to the Newfoundland coast from Bonne Bay to Cape St. George. At its southern end, Cape St. George, it was only four miles or so wide, but was approximately 25 miles wide off Bay of Islands and 50 miles wide off Bonne Bay. It was from 15 to 60 feet thick at its western edge, and stretched as a huge bar across to Canadian Labrador, completely blocking the way.

Back and forth along the western edge the Bessie Jennex cruised, looking for a lead. Only one crack extending far into the ice was found. To put the schooner into this crack, it had been felt, was to invite her being crushed and sunk. The succession of many bad days in the neighborhood of Anticosti made it imperative, however, that the weak, old craft be gotten away from the western edge of the ice during the prevailing nor'westers. The master of the vessel was insistent on going back to Port aux Basques. He had had, he said, sufficient experience under the "bossing of a man just out o' college." His charterer, to whom he thus referred, was determined to put the schooner into the crack mentioned, and his orders finally prevailed.

The trip through this lead was crowded with exciting incidents, though of less than two days' duration. On the first day, quick work in "nesting" her was several times all that saved the schooner from being crushed by the heavy sheets. These were constantly moving together and apart with the tides. That night,

THE MATE WAS A HARDY AND TYPICAL NEWFOUNDLANDER



FROZEN IN AT CHANNEL HARBOR BEFORE GETTING INTO THE GULF

SOME ICE! A STEAM TRAWLER OF THE EXPEDITION FROZEN IN

THE MASTER OF THE BESSIE JENNEX WITH GAFF FOR TRAVELING ON ICE

in a terrific blizzard, the schooner parted the cable of her ice anchor (a one-fluked anchor) and drove down between the sheets, which could be plainly heard smashing against each other with heavy rumblings. It was a time of great anxiety. Provisions, dories and sails (for shelters) were ready on deck in case the vessel had to be abandoned. The principal reason for alarm was to be found in the difference betwen the Bessie Jennex on this voyage and on her sealing trips. In ballast only, and properly braced and sheathed, she would, under most circumstances, "rise" if pinched in a crack between wheeling sheets. But, with her heavy load of coal, all hands felt that the old craft would be "stove in" and not "hove out." They discovered later that under favorable conditions the schooner, loaded as she was, would heave out. Luckily, that night passed without disaster.

With morning came the vision of despair. The end of the lead was not more than two miles distant, leaving fully 20 miles of solid ice between the end of the lead and the bight at the mouth of Bonne Bay. The glass was falling and the sky ominous. The wind was too light to enable the schooner to buck any ice. The master was for turning back at once in an attempt to get out of a perilous berth. The crew were disposed to agree with him, having no desire to repeat the previous night's experience. But Mr. Gould's determination to go to the end of the open water led them on. And—*mirabile dictu*—the end of the lead was not reached; for, as the Bessie Jennex moved onward, the ice opened before her directly into the mouth of Bonne Bay.

The schooner had hardly gotten to Bonne Bay bight and been "nested" safely in the lolly-ice under Lobster Cove Head, when another gale broke, which lasted for days. The ice was driven shoreward, and under the terrific pressure the Bessie Jennex, safe in her nest, was "hove out." The whole mass of lolly-ice packed and froze together into a large sheet. A few days afterward it blew off shore and carried the helpless schooner back over the route she had come. She had drifted a day's sail before, with pikes, poles, saws, powder, etc., a way was broken and blasted out of the sheet ice, through which she floated free.

It was then a long leg and a short one down the coast toward the Straits, with the certainty that, on this straight, harborless shore, if the wind chopped about, it would mean good-bye to schooner, coal and all. But the wind held and the Bessie Jennex was not long in getting to the nearest point to the Potomac, near Twin Islands. She was then only 19 days out from Port aux Basques.

Upon arriving at the edge of the ice where the Potomac lay, Mr. Gould transferred his flag (if I may use the phrase) to the tug, and the Bessie Jennex fell from flagship to simple collier. Within a couple of weeks sufficient coal was moved on sleds over the ice from the schooner to the tug to serve into the nearest port. Within a few days more, Mr. Gould had the Potomac out of the ice. He at once loaded the rest of the coal and headed her for the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The Bessie Jennex's work was thereupon over. Her master and crew were elated over the successful termination of a task whose failure had been widely predicted. The good wages that had been earned contributed to general satisfaction on the schooner as she turned toward Port aux Basques and the ship ways. As her wounds were slight and quickly repaired, she has been able to be back all summer at her old task of lugging coal to exposed Canadian lighthouses.

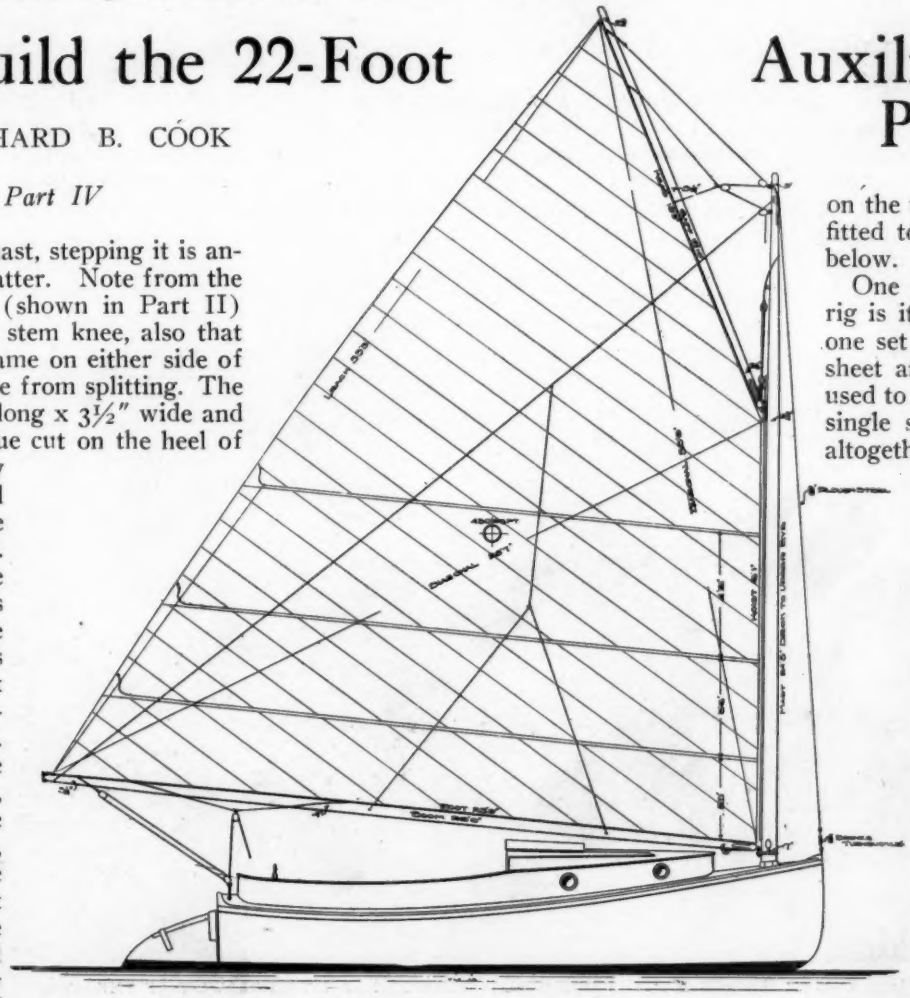
Because vessels don't keep diaries, and in commemoration of a very unusual, if not an unique, experience, this sketch has been written. Such incidents are few. This is the only one, on this coast, I believe, since our Uncle Samuel bought the Bear, the Thetis and some other old Dundee whalers in the town of St. Johns for the relief of the Greeley Expedition in the year 1884.

How to Build the 22-Foot Auxiliary Cat Punkin Seed

By RICHARD B. COOK

Part IV

AFTER making the mast, stepping it is another important matter. Note from the construction plan (shown in Part II) that the mast steps in the stem knee, also that there are rivets through same on either side of the hole to prevent the knee from splitting. The step may be cut about 7″ long x 3½″ wide and 3″ to 4″ deep, and a tongue cut on the heel of the mast made to an easy fit. A good, solid band should be driven on the mast just above the step. The hole cut through the king plank and partners is two inches larger than the mast. The difference is made up by five or six wedges shaped to the circumference of the mast. These should be of white pipe about six inches long, tapering from 1⅛″ at the top to ¾″ at the bottom, so that they will wedge into place. After the mast has worked a little and the wedges have been tapped down once or twice, they may be neatly rounded off on the tops and a canvas mast coat fitted to keep water from trickling below.



SAIL PLAN OF PUNKIN SEED

One great advantage of the cat rig is its simplicity. You have but one set of spars and halliards, one sheet and one stay. The objection used to be advanced that, due to the single sail, they lost steerage way altogether when reefing. With an auxiliary this is different, as you can run up into the wind under power while "taking a tuck."

I have made the rig quite small as compared with the cats of some years ago, before the advent of gasolene motors, but for an auxiliary I think is is in good proportion. You may not use sail at all in light airs, and when it blows you do not want to be constantly reefing.

I noticed last summer a marked tendency toward reduced rigs among the cats in Eastern waters. These boats are in constant use during the sum-

mer months for fishing and carrying parties, and generally find the most practicable arrangement in most things.

The head stay may be of ⅜" or even 5/16" diameter galvanized steel. It is best to specify plow steel, as this is stronger, but you do not always get it. This is all the standing rigging on the boat, and you can afford to get a rigger to put in the two splices necessary. Have the upper eye served with rawhide and the splice with hard twine, the same serving to go on the lower splice; but do not let them serve the part which goes around the thimble, as then this cannot be replaced when worn out. Paint the two servings with white zinc. The rigger should do this work for about $2.00 to $3.00. You will have some splicing to do on the bridles, but as this is light, flexible stuff, you can probably do it yourself, especially if you are able to watch the rigger at work on the head stay.

I have shown a mast slide to take the place of the usual hoops. I do not like this in all cases, but it is very satisfactory on a boat of this kind. You get rid of the gaff jaws, as well as the hoops, and the forward face of the mast is always clear, so that a neat little bracket may be rigged on it to take the bow light.

Two large cleats are shown on the forward deck, and will be found handy in a dozen different ways. Do not reduce this to one cleat in the center, as you will always have to duck under the boom to get at it, and your mooring line will chafe the mast. The halliards are arranged to lead aft. A fairleader block with a bracket fixture is secured to the side of the mast and the lines lead to the after end of the trunk, where they belay to cleats.

The sail for this little boat can be made from 8-ounce duck for about $28.00. This is a plain, good sail, but if better duck is required you can pay as high as $50 for it. I would, by all means, have it mildew-proofed, which will cost about $2. The stops for furling will cost $1.50, and a good khaki cover $3.50 to $4.00.

For ballast, I would use second-hand sash weights, which can be had for about ¾ to 1 cent per pound. These should be carefully painted and laid in between the frames. You will need about 200 pounds of these, and will probably find she works best with the bulk of this under the cockpit floor and the rest along the centerboard trunk. Avoid carrying any of it forward, as the bow of a cat should be buoyant to make up for the pressure of the mast and wind in the sail, which all bears in the same place. You can experiment a little by shifting the ballast until you get her to suit.

Below is a list of the rigging and hardware pertaining thereto; and also a list of the hardware for the hull and equipment:

RIGGING LIST

Gooseneck and band for 3" boom and 7" mast, galvanized, $2.00.
One 6½" mast heel band, galvanized, 60 cents.
One 3-eye withe, 3½" opening, galvanized, $1.00.
One 1-eye withe, 3" opening, galvanized, 60 cents.
Two lignumvitæ cheek blocks for 7/16" rope, $1.50 each.
One 6" rigging shoulder cleat, galvanized, 40 cents.
Two ⅜" eye bolts 4" long (to rivet), with clinch rings, galvanized, 10 cents each.
Mast track, 17' long, 1 gaff and 8 sail fittings, $12.00.
Twenty galvanized boom lacing eyes, 3 cents each.
Four large lacing eyes, galvanized (for lazy jacks on boom), 10 cents each.
Two small lignumvitæ lizards (for lazy jacks), 10 cents each.
One ⅝" bronze turnbuckle, $2.60.
Blocks: lignumvitæ, with roller-bearing sheaves—
One double for 7/16" diameter rope, with shackle, $2.35.
One single for 7/16" rope, with shackle, $1.40.
One double for ½" diameter rope, with shackle, $2.50.
Two singles for ½" diameter rope, 1 shackle, 1 bridle fitting, $2.25 each.
Three singles for ¾" rope, 2 shackles, 1 bridle fitting, $1.65 each.
One small brass block for flag halliards, 25 cents.
Two bronze fairleader blocks for 7/16" rope, with bracket fixture to fasten to mast, double, $1.50 each.
27 feet ⅜" plow steel standing rigging, $2.25.
24 feet 5/16" flexible running rigging (bridles), $2.50.
115 feet ¾" diameter manila yacht rigging (peak halliards), $2.10.
215 feet 7/16" diameter manila yacht rigging (throat halliards), $4.90.
110 feet ½" diameter manila yacht rigging (main sheet), $3.50.
60 feet 3/16" diameter manila yacht rigging (lazy jacks), 50 cents.
50 feet cotton flag halliards, 50 cents.
30 feet cotton gaff lacing, 25 cents.

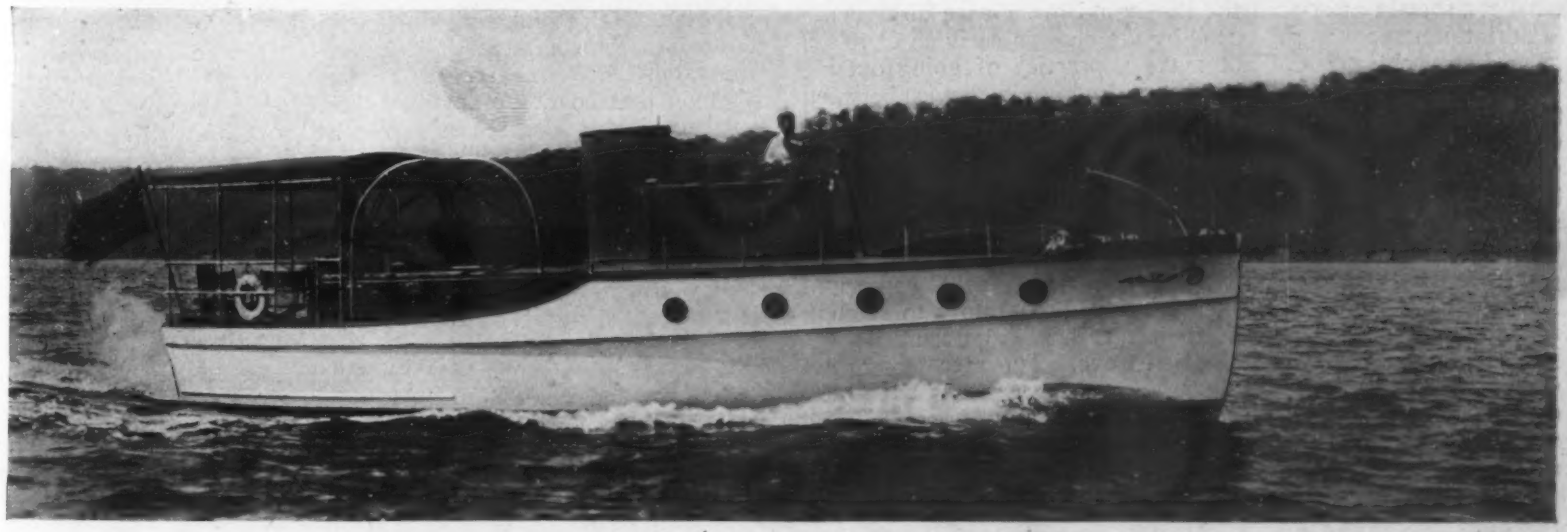
HARDWARE AND EQUIPMENT

Two 6" galvanized nigger-head bow chocks, 28 cents each.
Two 8" galvanized cleats, 25 cents each.
One 2" galvanized chain pipe and cover, 52 cents each.
One ⅝" x 30" main sheet traveller, galvanized, $1.35.
Two ½" galvanized screw ring bolts, 2½" long, 18 cents each.
One 25-lb. kedge anchor, $2.25.
One 50-lb. Cape Cod folding anchor, $9.00.
Eighty feet ¾" diameter bolt rope (light anchor warp), $2.00.
Two hundred feet ⅞" diameter bolt rope (sheet anchor warp), $8.50.
One set Class 2 running lights (3), $5.00.
One anchor, or stern light, $1.75.
Two fire extinguishers, $6.00 each.
Two ring buoys, $1.75 each.
Four life belts, $20 cents each.
One 6" cast brass bell, $1.75.
One two-tone mouth whistle, $1.35.
One brass fog horn, 15" long, 65 cents.
Two galvanized buckets, 12 qts., 25 cents each.
Four fenders, 16" long, 60 cents each.
One 3½" liquid compass, $12.50.
One No. 1½, Fig. 207, galvanized steering gear, with galvanized wheel, $17.75; extra, if mahogany wheel, $14.00.
Two brass port lights, 5" opening, $3.80 each.
Three brass port lights, 4" opening, $3.50 each.
One hasp, lock and hooks for companion doors, $1.00.
One small yacht toilet, with 2 seacocks and 2 lengths of lead pipe, $49.50.
Either 1 two-burner kerosene stove, $10.50, or 1 two-burner alcohol stove, $10.00.
One 1-gal. kerosene oil can, 20 cents.
One 12" x 42" seamless tinned gasolene tank, $12.00.
One 12" common galvanized water tank, $5.25.
Two cabin lamps, $1.65 each.
One sheave fitting for centerboard hoist, 28 cents.
One 6" brass cleat for centerboard hoist, 50 cents.

There are many minor points which, were it not for the limits of space, could be dwelt upon at great length, but I fancy it will do the amateur builder good to figure them out for himself.

Sailing a catboat is a study in itself—something to be studied and enjoyed. They seem different from all other types, but when you become acquainted you will like them. Do not be afraid of capsizing. Of course, like all shoal-draught boats, you cannot give them the abuse that can be heaped upon the ones with several tons of lead six feet under water. Properly handled, you will have no trouble in this connection, and you may be sure she will always have a righting tendency as long as the cabin trunk is out of water.

There is one peculiarity of opinion regarding the cat; the man who has had little experience with them will not hear of them at all, while those who have taken the time to learn them will not admit a single fault. I have built, sailed and studied them, and while not so optimistic as some, I can safely recommend them for the man of limited time and funds as the best that the Seven Seas have produced.



GEM, A RAISED-DECK CRUISER, THAT SHOWS THE TENDENCY TOWARD PILOT HOUSES ON BOATS OF MODERATE SIZE

When New York Bay Was a Yachting Center

By WILLIAM E. SIMMONS

"The times have changed and we have changed with them."

YACHTING has advanced wonderfully in the last twenty years, and the advance has brought many remarkable and unforeseen changes. The yachtsman who has watched this development in the last generation recalls with mingled emotions the occurrence of those changes. He who can look back more than forty years sees the few clubs then in existence clustered about upper New York Bay; only sail boats afloat, the majority comparatively small, and the racing and sailing done almost exclusively on the waters of New York harbor. Let us take a brief survey of the most notable stages of development.

Everybody knows that the New York Yacht Club is the oldest organization of this country. It came into existence through the instrumentality of Commodore John C. Stevens and a few others, in 1844, and held its first regatta the following year on July 16. For that event it mustered a fleet of nine yachts, six schooners and three sloops. The names of those boats and their owners may be given to show the personnel of the club at that period. The schooners were: Gimcrack, John C. Stevens, tonnage not given; Cygnet (45 tons), William Edgar; Sybil (42), C. B. Miller; Spray (37), Hamilton Wilkes; La Coquille (27), John C. Jay; Minna (30), James M. Waterbury. Sloops: Newburgh (33), H. Robinson; Adda (17), J. Rogers; Lancet (20), G. B. Rogers. The course was from a stake boat off Robbins Reef, in the upper bay, to mark off Bay Ridge, another mark off Stapleton, S. I.; thence to the Southwest Spit Buoy off Sandy Hook, and return by the same way. There were no classifications, while time allowances were figured on tonnage. It was not until two years later that the fleet was divided into two classes, without, however, any distinction between schooners and sloops.

Schooners in those days carried no fore-topmasts and balloon sails were unthought of. Club topsails and other light sails came into vogue in 1854, probably as one result of the America's visit to England in 1851.

The club built its first house at Elysian Fields, Hoboken, in 1845. That house continued to be its home for more than twenty years, and, after being used for an equally long period by the New Jersey Yacht Club, is now the New York Club's station house at Glen Cove, L. I. With the occupation of the clubhouse the club course was changed to make the start and finish off Elysian Fields. The yachts went by a mark off the Long Island, or Bay Ridge, shore to the Southwest Spit. The regatta was a gala occasion for New Yorkers. Thousands assembled on the piers and headlands to watch the yachts and their uniformed owners, plentifully adorned with gold trimmings. The Civil War seems to have snuffed out the militant spirit among yachtsmen, for shortly afterward the showy uniforms were discarded.

Corinthian races were started by the club as early as October, 1846, but yachtsmen did not make a practice of going outside The Hook until 1849. There was, indeed, a match race between the schooner Coquette and the sloop Maria, 25 miles to windward, from Gedney's Channel, in October, 1846, but the first race round the Sandy Hook Lightship was sailed on June 7, 1849. Only four yachts, the schooners Cornelia, Siren and Sybil and the sloop Maria, ventured outside. The club's first cruise was made in August, 1854, to Newport, R. I., and coincidently the first race off that port was sailed then. Ten yachts comprised the fleet. On August 3, 1855, the club, preparatory to starting on its annual cruise, sailed its first race on Long Island Sound. The start and finish were off Glen Cove. The race was ostensibly for a "citizen's" prize, but the trophy was really put up by the well-known actor, W. E. Burton, a member of the club and owner of what afterward came to be known as the Barlow place, near there. Five schooners and fourteen sloops participated in

FIRST HOME OF THE ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB AT THE FOOT OF 55TH STREET, BAY RIDGE, OCCUPIED IN 1866

the contest, which shows that the club's fleet had almost doubled since the preceding year.

Up to that time yachting in America had been confined entirely to the activities of the New York Club, but now other organizations, which had come into being and been slowly growing, began to show their hands. The Southern Yacht Club, of New Orleans, was organized in 1849, a club called the Neptune in 1850, at the Highlands of Navesink, and the Carolina Yacht Club, of Wilmington, N. C., in 1853. The first and last had limited fleets of small boats and exercised only local influence. The Neptune appears to have been more of a boating and fishing than a yacht club. In May, 1852, half a dozen young men, including John M. Sawyer, afterward a well-known sailmaker, organized the Union Boat Club, at Fisherman's Hall, on Gowanus Creek, Brooklyn. That was the nucleus of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, which was organized in September, 1857, with its location lower down the creek, at the Penny Bridge, foot of Court street. A number of cabin sloops, open sloops and cats were speedily enrolled, and in 1859 the club built a two-story house, with veranda on both floors, on the outer rim of the Erie Basin.

The Brooklyn Club entered actively into yachting from the start, with both races and cruises. One of the most memorable of the latter was made in 1865 to Indian Harbor, Connecticut, where captains and guests were entertained in handsome style at the Americus Club, by William M. Tweed. The Americus Club, it may be recalled, stood on the site now occupied by the Italian villa of Commodore E. C. Benedict. But in the same year the Brooklyn ran into the first of the squalls that have characterized its checkered career. Three sloops—Nonpareil, the property of a gambler named Mike Duryea; Nameless, owned by John Diamond, and Martha, owned by William Brasher—were entered for the annual regatta. Other yachts were in the race, but those three were noted for speed and active rivalry. Yachts started from the anchorage in those days, and sailing directions required that jibs should not be hoisted before anchors were weighed. Nonpareil and Nameless set jibs before getting their anchors, and should, therefore, have been disqualified. Nonpareil finished first, Nameless second, and Martha third. If the rules had been adhered to, Martha was the winner, but the committee named Nonpareil. It was charged that a member of the committee had a bet on that boat. A protest followed, but the committee refused to yield, and a secession resulted, out of which grew the Atlantic Yacht Club. The leader of the revolt was William Peet, a well-known lawyer, and among his followers was J. Rogers Maxwell, then at the inception of his brilliant yachting career.

The Atlantic Yacht Club was organized in 1866 and established at Bay Ridge, where it remained for more than thirty years. Seven years after its formation this club was strengthened by the accession of another delegation from the Brooklyns. In 1873 Lester Wallack was elected commodore of the Brooklyn Yacht Club. He had come into yachting prominence by purchasing two successful defenders of the America's Cup, first the Magic and then the schooner Columbia. The day for the annual regatta brought a violent storm. The captains urged a postpone-

ment of the race, but Commodore Wallack declared that the race should be sailed. Many of the boats started, but the Commodore himself remained at anchor. Many of the captains thereupon resigned and went over to the Atlantic Club.

The Brooklyn Club had meanwhile abandoned the Erie Basin location and moved its house to a part of the site on Gravesend Bay now included in Ulmer Park. About the end of the seventies it became moribund and remained so for nearly a score of years.

The Seawanhaka Yacht Club, now the Seawanhaka-Corinthian, came into existence in 1871, establishing itself at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, where it remained until it moved to Oyster Bay, before 1895. In the same year the New Jersey Yacht Club began business on Communipaw Bay. Three other clubs were formed in those early days of the yachting game—the Jersey City Club, in 1858; the Columbia, in 1867, and the Pavonia, in 1869. The first-named is now dead. The New Jersey took the Elysian Fields house after the New York Yacht Club abandoned it, and held races over the Southwest Spit course until the end of the eighties. The Columbia, composed at first of residents and small tradesmen of the west side of the city, was located for many years at the foot of Christopher street. About the beginning of the eighties it moved to the foot of West Eighty-fifth street, where in recent years its personnel has changed radically. In the days of the "sandbagger" many memorable races were held under the auspices of the Columbia and the three Jersey clubs.

I have entered somewhat into details of these clubs because they were pioneers in the game, and also to show the comparatively slow growth of the sport in the beginning, with the influence on it of a big city such as New York. The first club in the East was the Boston, organized in 1865, while, according to Captain R. F. Coffin, for many years on the staff of a New York newspaper and a recognized authority on all matters pertaining to yachting, in 1869 there were only fifteen yacht clubs in all the United States. At the beginning of the eighties New York harbor was still the national center of yachting, and the clubs that figured most prominently were the New York, Atlantic, and Seawanhaka.

Each of those clubs held its annual regatta in the mid-week of June—the Atlantic on Tuesday, the New York on Thursday and the Seawanhaka on Saturday, so New Yorkers had practically a week of spectacular yachting. There was a special club steamer for each event, besides one or more excursion steamers for the outside public, and an attendant squadron of steam yachts, which grew larger with each recurring year. The New York Club had given up its Elysian Fields home for a town house at Madison avenue and Twenty-seventh street, and established in 1865 a new course from Owls Head, Bay Ridge, to Sandy Hook Lightship, with the finish off Buoy 15, in the Lower Bay. The Atlantic's course was around the Scotland, instead of the Sandy

FIRST HOME OF NEW YORK YACHT CLUB AT ELYSIAN FIELDS, HOBOKEN, LATER OCCUPIED BY THE NEW JERSEY YACHT CLUB. THE HOUSE IS NOW AT GLEN COVE

IN THE GOOD OLD SANDBAGGING DAYS

Hook, Lightship, and the start and finish were off the clubhouse at Bay Ridge. The Seawanhaka Club went into commission on May 30. Its racing course was around the Sandy Hook Light, and, like the Atlantic, had the start and finish off the clubhouse.

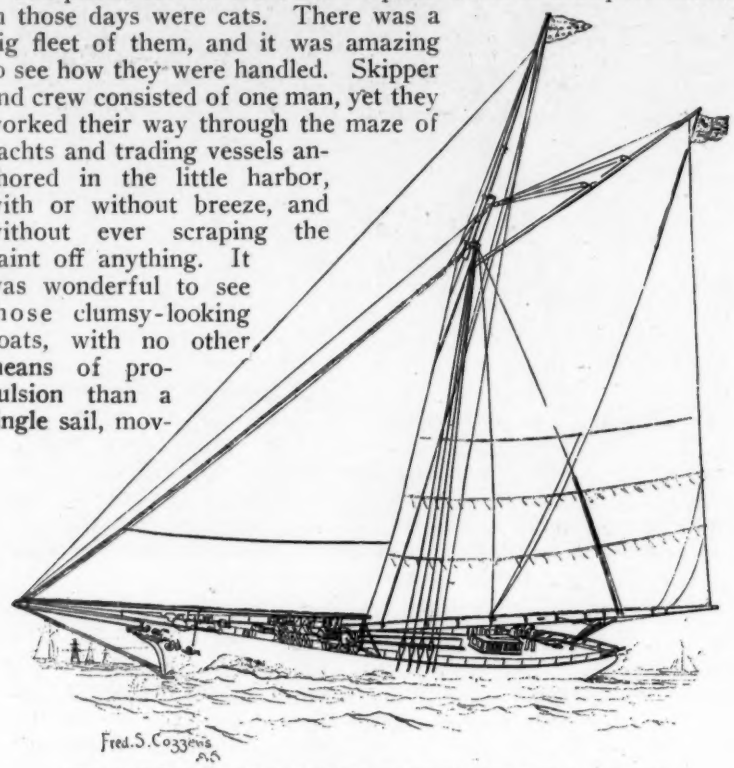
The chief yacht anchorages in those days were off Bay Ridge and Staten Island, and from those localities sailing parties set forth every pleasant afternoon during the yachting season. After 3 P. M. the Staten Island and Bay Ridge boats were crowded with brokers bound for their yachts, and white sails were a common sight on both the upper and lower bays. But the rapid increase of steam traffic in the harbor eventually spoiled these waters for yachting and drove pleasure craft to Long Island Sound. The Seawanhaka Club shifted from Staten Island to Oyster Bay about 1895, and a year or two later the Atlantic moved down to Sea Gate. The New York Club had earlier established stations at Newport, on the Sound, and elsewhere. In the nineties it began to hold special races on the Sound off Glen Cove, and finally, about 1905, definitely abandoned racing in New York harbor. The Atlantic and other clubs now located on Gravesend Bay have striven to maintain yacht racing below the Narrows, but with occasional exceptions the result has been to keep only small yachts in the game. Probably if it were not for the America's Cup races and the prevailing sentiment that contests for this international trophy should be held off New York, there would be no more racing on the historic waters off Sandy Hook.

The steam yacht did not come much into evidence in this country before the eighties. Dion Boucicault, the actor, had a large steam yacht built at Nyack or Newburgh, about 1878, but he got into financial difficulties before he could use it, and, if I remember aright, James Gordon Bennett became the owner, for a time at least. The annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club in 1882 brought out only four steam yachts—Corsair, owned by J. P. Morgan; Stranger, George A. Osgood; Ocean Gem, Wm. P. Clyde, and Theresa, J. M. Fiske. Stranger was the largest of those. The Corsair was not the same as that of to-day. The existent Corsair is, I think, the third of the name.

Even after the steam yacht had come into general use it was a

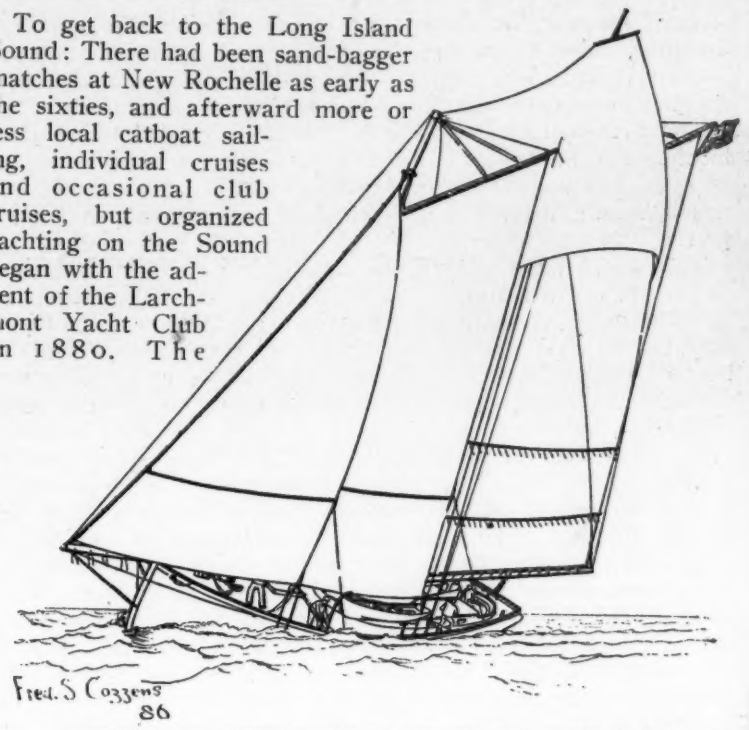
long time before any of the large sailing yachts was provided with a launch. As late as the annual cruise of 1882 the "captain's gig" still held sway in the New York Yacht Club fleet. The commodore, as well as the captain of the smallest sloop, was rowed ashore. If I remember aright, not one of the few steam yachts in the convoy at Newport "sported" a steam launch, and the naphtha launch did not begin to come in until about 1888. That good old sportsman, James D. Smith, was then senior flag officer, with the medium-sized schooner Estelle for flagship, and her tender was a four-oared cutter.

The public service craft and despatch boats of Newport harbor in those days were cats. There was a big fleet of them, and it was amazing to see how they were handled. Skipper and crew consisted of one man, yet they worked their way through the maze of yachts and trading vessels anchored in the little harbor, with or without breeze, and without ever scraping the paint off anything. It was wonderful to see those clumsy-looking boats, with no other means of propulsion than a single sail, moving with no perceptible air, silently, yet surely, through the narrowest and crookedest lanes between anchored yachts. My first impression of the Newport cat-boatman left me with a lasting admiration for him.



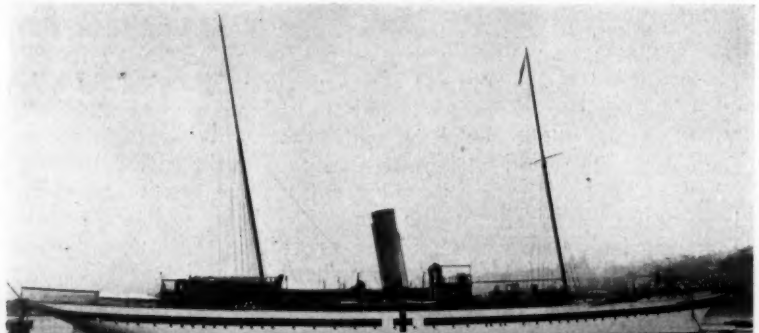
THE MARIA, THE MOST FAMOUS SLOOP OF THE EARLY DAYS OF AMERICAN YACHTING

To get back to the Long Island Sound: There had been sand-bagger matches at New Rochelle as early as the sixties, and afterward more or less local catboat sailing, individual cruises and occasional club cruises, but organized yachting on the Sound began with the advent of the Larchmont Yacht Club in 1880. The Knickerbocker Yacht Club, organized in 1874 and first located, if I am not mistaken, at Hunter's Point, held races on the East River, but its course did not extend beyond Stepping Stones Light. The prime movers in the formation of the Larchmont Club were Charles E. Jenkins, Augustus Monroe, F. W. Flint, Francis M. Scott, William Murray and William C. Stewart.



SCHOONER LA COQUILLE, ONE OF THE ORIGINAL FLEET OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB

The American Yacht Club was the second club established on the Sound, and the New Rochelle was the third. The former was organized in 1883 and the latter in 1885. Both of these have also played an important part in the advancement of yachting. The New Rochelle Club was organized by such men as Commodore Charles Pryer, H. J. Meyer and P. J. Krackehl, and has long been one of the leading organizations to support small-boat sailing and racing. The American Yacht Club was organized by friends of Jay Gould, as an offset, it was said, of the currently reported refusal of the New York Yacht Club to admit him, and he was made the first commodore.



Steam Yacht Erin a Red Cross Hospital Ship

Sir Thomas Lipton's steam yacht Erin, which convoyed the Shamrock IV to this country last summer, and was here at all of the last three international races, has been loaned to the British Red Cross Society by her owner, and has sailed for the Mediterranean with a party consisting of surgeons, nurses, etc., for the Servian and Montenegran Allies.

ONE OF THE NEW MOTOR LAUNCHES OR "TORPEDO CHASERS" FOR RECOVERING TORPEDOES FIRED IN PRACTICE. STRONGLY BUILT, THIS BOAT MAKES 12 MILES AN HOUR WITH A FOUR-CYLINDER, 5½-INCH BY 8-INCH STERLING MOTOR

THE HOPALONG IN THE BASIN AT BREWER'S MILLS

APPROACHING LOCK AT WASHBURN MILLS ON THE RIDEAU

Motor Boating Through Kanuckia

By CLARENCE E. MULFORD

Part III—To Kingston and up the Rideau Lakes and Waterways

FOR the Chef and the Steward the cruise was finished on the morning of July 30, and they went home; but the Engineer and I waited to pick up Tim O'Shea, who was due on the evening train on the 1st of August. Now that there would be one less in the crew, we turned an upper berth into an open locker, and were surprised by the room it gave us and the difference it made in time spent searching for things. Tim arrived and was hurried to the camp, where he elected himself Chef without a dissenting voice. Fearing he would not be kept busy, we appointed him Deck Steward and Purser as well, and his first official act was to make us peel off a few green layers from our rolls, after which he felt better.

The next day we cleaned ship inside and out, and ran around to the stone quarry on the other side of the island, where a huge derrick lifted the stern of the Hopalong high enough out of the water for me to hammer the propeller back into some semblance of its former shape, and to hastily caulk two badly leaking seams.

The following day will linger long in the Engineer's memory, because he was so well stuffed that he moved around in misery, and finally refused to move at all. It was the fault of the Chef, who took a lot of interest in our fireless cooker, and simply had to try it out. He bought a chicken and other good things and made us take him back to camp, where a cook stove was set up under the trees and was entirely surrounded by firewood, the gathering of which fell to those unskilled in cooking. He did a lot of mysterious things to that fowl, and in due time the fireless hid it from our sight. While he and the Engineer went in swimming to cool their impatience, I sat on the bank and watched them, for I was not feeling well. I suspect it was due to the venom the mosquitos had been pumping into me for the last week. I could not understand their fondness for me, because I was as tough as a hickory knot, though doubtless very sweet, while the Engineer was plump and tender, and should have enticed them all away from me.

One of the Picton Island men paid us a visit as we were opening the cooker, and, although he just had eaten his mid-day meal, he remained. Wild horses could not have dragged him away at that moment. We ate that chicken from plates, bowls and fingers, and after the first ecstatic exclamations there were no words. When our several capacities had been satisfied, the Chef gnawed a bone, the Engineer sniffed the aroma, and our guest chewed, but could not swallow. I had long since given up the contest, and found Fraser's bed to be a great solace; and the next thing I knew was that daylight filled the tent and that the rain was over.

When we left Clayton a brisk north wind covered the river with white caps and the choppy sea glinted under a strong, hot sun. It was an ideal day for sailing, and it seemed no time at all before we passed Wolfe Island Light, and Tim broke out the Canadian ensign at the masthead. After a pretty run of two hours more we moored to the big wharf at Kingston, Ontario, having averaged more than eight miles an hour against a strong head wind and a steady current.

Here we were besieged by a so-called "Rideau Pilot," who offered to take us to Smith's Falls for twenty-five dollars. We broke away from him and found a better mooring, but he was there to meet us, demanding to know if it was not worth the price to avoid being stove in, sunk and left helpless in the wilderness. We said it was worth every penny he asked, only we did not believe those calamities were to pick us out to practice on, and said as much; whereupon he scored economical skippers and dropped his price five dollars. I slipped away to mail a letter, and he turned to the Chef, who girded up his loins.

"But the Rideau is full of stumps!" exclaimed the "pilot," pulling at the neckband of his shirt, where once a collar might have been. "I say, the Rideau is full of stumps. I say, the——"

"I heard you," rejoined the Chef. "Is there any water in it at all?"

The Engineer scowled: "Nothing matters after what we have come through. Mul's got gray hair from flirting with Farren Point and the St. Mary."

"That was nothing," whispered the "pilot."

"Don't you tell the Skipper that," warned the Engineer. "He's just come from Weaver Point and Dickinson Landing, an' he'll shoot you if you spring anything like that on him!"

"But, I say, the Rideau is full of stumps, millions of stumps, right up under the water. I say, the Rideau is full of——"

"Rats!" exclaimed the Chef. "Mul likes stumps, but he doesn't like water. Are they laid out flat, like a corduroy road, or do they stand up like a picket fence?"

The pilot pulled energetically at his neckband: "No, sir; by Thomas! They stick right up, under the water. Right up——"

"——under the water," supplied the Engineer. "I knew you were going to say that. I'm a mind reader, by Henry!"

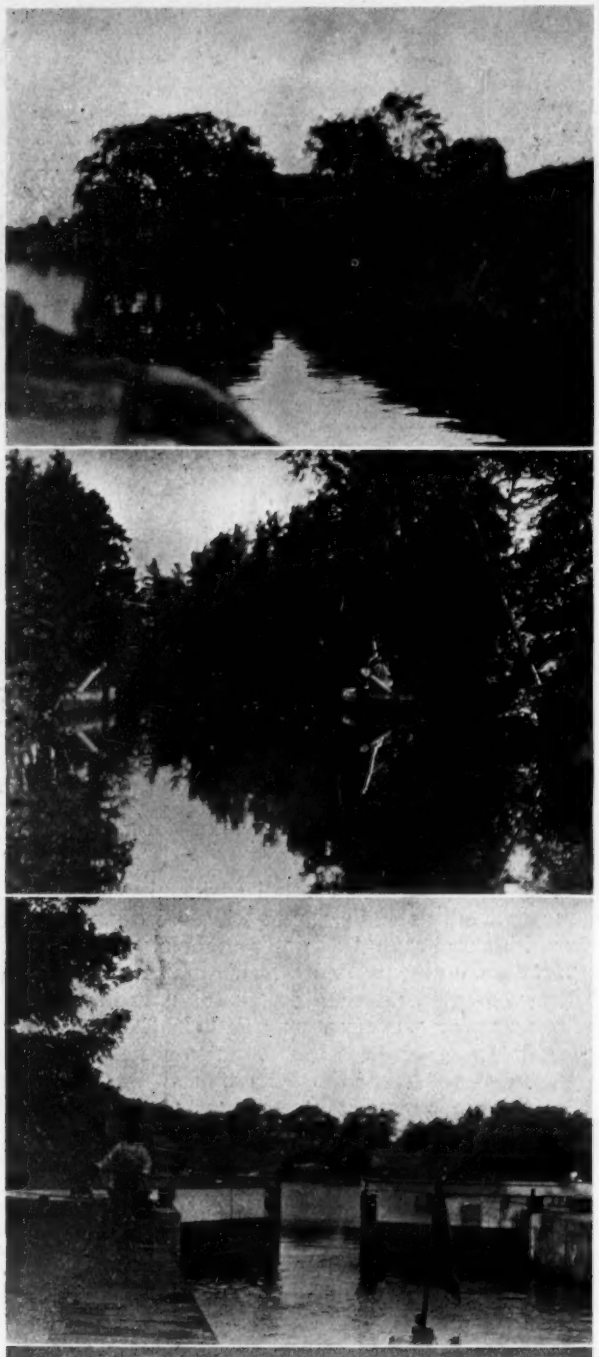
"What kind of stumps are they?" innocently asked the Chef.

"Tree stumps, by Thomas!"

"Here comes Mul," said the Chef. "He's th' Skipper, but you'd better do the skipping, by William!"

The pilot met me. "I was just a-tellin'," he said. "I say, I was just——"

"I know it," I interrupted. "What were you telling?"



HEDGE BETWEEN LOCKS AT NICHOLSONS
ENTRANCE TO POONAMALIE CANAL, RIDEAU
THE LOCK AT BREWER'S MILLS
BLOCK HOUSE ON CANAL AT MERRICKSVILLE

"Them," nodding at my companions.

"Those?" I inquired.

"Yes; those."

"I do that sometimes, myself. What did those say?"

"They said you don't like water."

"They're fabricators. Don't I have to have it for the boat?"

"They said you like stumps, right up, under the water!"

"They are wrong. I am not the stump man. See that fat man?"

"Yessir; which one?"

"I don't blame you asking; but it's that man standing up. He collects stumps."

"You need a pilot, like me. You'll hit 'em. I'll pilot you for ten dollars. Right up, under the water, by Thomas!"

"He thinks we are a submarine," snorted the Chef.

"We've saved fifteen dollars," grinned the Engineer. "An' we're going to save ten more, too."

"What will you charge to make us hit a stump?" demanded the Chef. "We've come 700 miles to hit one."

"That's all right, Tim," replied the Engineer. "We've got 900 more to go, an' mebby we'll be lucky an' smash one."

"How far below the surface are the stumps?" I asked.

"Twelve inches, or mebby a foot; I guess they're a foot under," answered the pilot.

The Engineer laughed triumphantly. "Then we're all right. We only draw 30 inches when the Chef is on th' bow. See that little post up for'd, with the bells sticking out on each side?" indicating the windlass post; "Well, that's where he sits when we're navigatin' shallow water."

"Thirty inches," muttered the pilot. "Now, le's see; twelve inches make a foot. Two't'ms twelve is twenty-four. Twenty-four. Two feet. Twenty-four, an' one, two, three, four, five," he paused while he cogitated upon which hand to point off on; then chose the same set of fingers and bent down the thumb. "Six! You draw two foot six!"

"Wrong," said the Chef. "Didn't we just say we only drew thirty inches?"

"Oh!" said the pilot. "Le's see, now; you——"

"Don't go over that again," begged the Chef. "Here's a simpler way of getting at it. Take twenty British thermal units per square inch of cross-section, which gives four milligrams of magnetism per cubic foot, and through which pass the lines of force, which in turn set up sympathetic vibrations along the hypotenuse. Using the Pythagorean proposition in relation to zero and infinity, we find our work simplified. Let X represent the equator and reverse the hypothesis, and the result is that the suspension of the particles (I should say molecules) in water causes a cumulative precipitation throughout the vortex. Squaring the mass, we find the answer is thirty inches, and *not* two foot six. Am I right, Skipper"

"Yes; and killing the Engineer," I replied, cheerfully. "I seldom have heard it expressed so well. Then you believe that a straightened right angle, superimposed upon the trajectory of an hyperbolic function would, if projected into infinity, cross the meridian of Washington, D. C., at eight seconds past noon, Eastern Standard time?"

The Chef was irritated: "Didn't I just say so? Of course I do!"

"Pump out the bilge," wailed the Engineer, weakly. "If I could talk like that I would never cuss again!"

The pilot drew a long breath: "I gotta go, now," he faltered, and he went.

"He'll go back an' tell 'em there's worse running loose than him," said the Chef. "We better shift our mooring."

Just then another cruiser entered the slip; it was the Monarch, of Buffalo, and we exchanged amenities, finding that she was going to Brewer's Mills on the morrow, having been up there several times during the past few years, and she told us to follow her if we wished to save a lot of time and anxiety.

I procured an excellent little chart book of the Rideau System at a book store, and for the benefit of my readers who may like to make this cruise, I can say that Dr. Lake's Chart of the Rideau is very accurate, and if carefully followed will take a motor boat through those dangerous waters without mishap. It reflects a great amount of credit on its author, and I am very much pleased to be able to pay him this tribute. Throw away the charts purchased in New York and follow Dr. Lake's book if you wish to escape certain injury.

After breakfast on the boat the next morning the Chef went ashore for supplies, while I hunted for ice. When he returned he was a sight, for he had had his head shaved and his moustache taken off, which left prominent patches of white skin around the heavy coat of tan; and in his hands he carried a pair of dressed broilers, unwrapped, and a huge bouquet of flowers. He was lucky

to have escaped arrest. In spite of this awful sight, the Engineer hurried ashore to have his pate denuded of hair, having decided there would be time enough for it to grow out again before he got home and met his wife. I am glad no convict broke jail anywhere along the course.

As we were getting ready to sail we had another visit from the pilot. "Well, here I am," he said. "I say, here I am."

"I'd hate to have him around if I were training a parrot," muttered the Chef.

"The stumps will wreck you," said the pilot, cheerfully.

"We care nothing for stumps, because this boat is made especially for them," said the Chef.

"Yes," said the Engineer, getting red in the face; "It's grooved on the bottom, like a washboard; only bigger, of course. Th' stumps slide right along the grooves."

"Stop stealing my stuff!" fiercely whispered the Chef.

"But, suppose they miss th' grooves?" asked the pilot.

"Then th' grooves slide right over an' catch th' stumps, like th' eccentric on a sky-rocket. They are elastic, you know," explained the Engineer.

Just then a launch came in, and the pilot hurried over to take her line, in hopes of a tip. Before he returned, the Monarch got under way, and we followed her up the Cataraqui River. The ranges are very difficult here, and she got out of the channel just before she turned the bend for Belle's Island; but no damage was done.

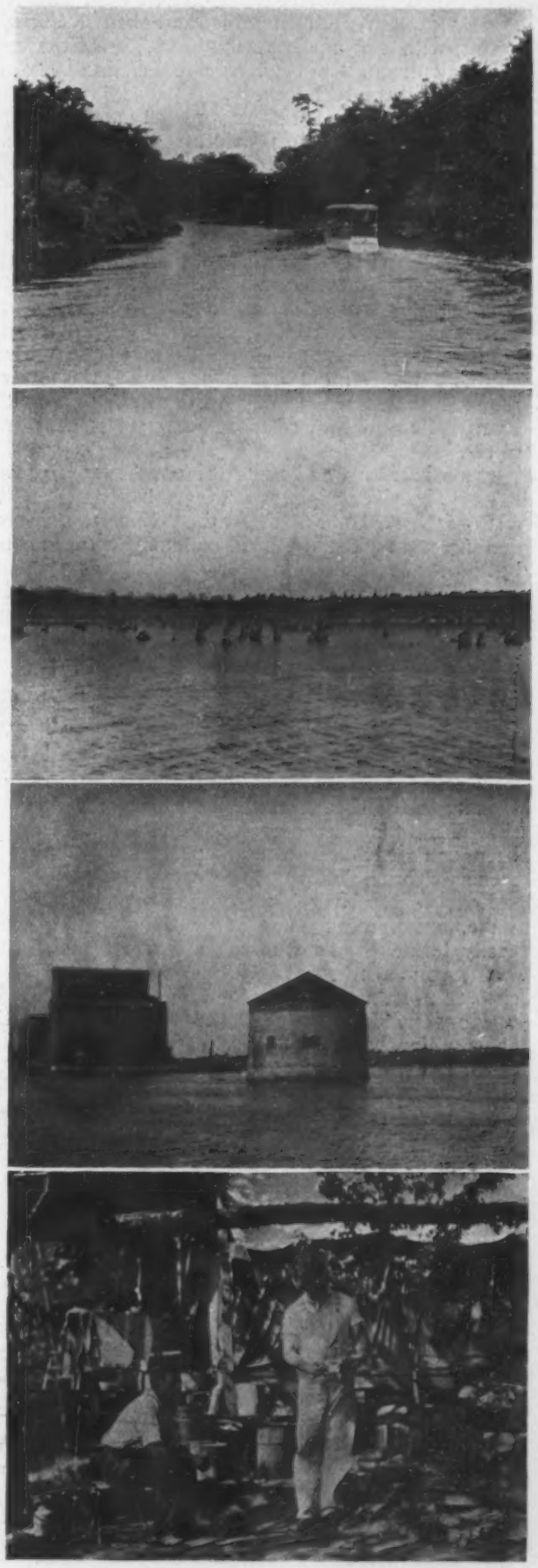
Although this is a very bad place, there are many others in the Rideau System as bad, if not worse, and anyone who ignores the chart and tries to make short-cuts will be swiftly punished by the logs, grass and stumps that line the edge of the channels. The art of ranging should be thoroughly understood before attempting to go through the Rideau, and the helmsman should be able to follow a hair-line course, for zig-zag steering means disaster. Boats should not draw more than five feet, and those drawing that much water should take a pilot or run at low speed in the narrower waterways to avoid hitting bottom from their own suction. According to the marine reporter of an Ottawa newspaper, whom we met, we were the only strange boat to make the entire run, without damage, that summer, without a pilot; and we went through with the throttle opened wide!

The Rideau System was made possible by the cutting of a canal across the divide at Newboro, which connected the south-flowing Cataraqui with the north-flowing Rideau. The work, commenced in 1826 and completed six years later, was done by soldiers, under the supervision of the Royal Engineers, and at a time when the Indians were a constant menace. Many of the blockhouses are still standing, and add a touch of picturesqueness to the scenery.

Now we come to the reason for the vast numbers of submerged stumps, the terror of Rideau navigation, as it was told to us. To get depth in the rivers and canals it was necessary to build many dams, which flooded miles of low-lying timber lands, and in many places created lakes. When the raised water froze over these drowned lands the inhabitants, being thrifty, sallied forth and cut down the trees that stuck through, although doubtless many of them were felled by the workmen and used in the construction of the waterways. This occurred before the waters were raised to their proper level, and the result was countless thousands of submerged stumps, not to mention those that show above the surface. Imagine a large lake that can be navigated only by following the original channel of the brook that existed before the lake was made—a channel that twists and turns, now down the middle of the lake, now on one side, and now on the other; and closely lining its edges on both sides, ahead and astern on the bends, are the stumps, as solid to-day as they ever were.

There are some spars, but most of the buoys are floating platforms of logs, and are anchored. Some are out of place and others are entirely missing, which is less deceptive. Another navigation mark is the tripod, weighted with stones and resting on the bottom; usually these are lighted. Bushes tied to buoys mark the more dangerous places, and the chart is particular to give, at each buoy, the distance in feet at which it must be passed. These range anywhere from ten to two hundred feet. And the ranges! I don't wonder that pilot's mind became aberrant.

The Monarch led the way at moderate speed, and off Stumpy Point she overlooked the northernmost of the buoys on the sharp bend, with no blame to her, and I blew the danger signal. It was ludicrous to see how promptly she got back into the channel again. This place is very dangerous, the channel being narrow and curving, with submerged stumps running down to its very edge. I know nothing of the scenery from Kingston to Kingston Mills except the river leading to the locks, which is narrow and winding and flows between tree-covered bluffs of rock. At the lock the scenery is beautiful and worth a climb to the top of the bluff. Passing the old blockhouse, we entered a long stretch



CRUISER MONARCH IN CATARAQUI RIVER
STUMPS ARE UBIQUITOUS ON THE RIDEAU
TOWER IN KINGSTON HARBOR
THE CHEF PREPARES THE CHICKENS

of drowned land, where the Monarch went astray, as told above.

Next came Washburn Mills, and then Brewers, primitive and quaint, with a basin above the locks. Past the bend the scenery is beautiful, and here begins the real chain of lakes of the Rideau System, and the real scenery.

After loitering in the basin we went on a little past Wellington's Profile, a bit of Nature's sculpturing on the east bank, and found an ideal camp site on the other shore. This pleased the Chef, for he liked to have plenty of room and lots of air when he cooked.

Passing Round Tail Point and its attendant islands the next morning, we left the Monarch for good, and crossed Cranberry Lake, whose west shore is a beautiful bluff of white rocks, topped with pines. Morton Island was passed to starboard and almost hid the little narrows leading to Morton Bay, and behind it loomed the magnificent rock cliffs, towering perpendicularly for several hundred feet. Next came Jones' Falls, with its three lower locks and its park. An old blockhouse guards the lower locks and the basin, and another near the fourth lock is used by the locktenders. Every mile now showed more beautiful scenery and led to larger water.

From here to Sand Lake the course leads through a wonderland. The river expands and shrinks, twists and turns, and had a surprise at every bend. At the "Officers' Quarters," a beautiful section, is a right-angle bend conducive to collisions, and another bend of one hundred and eighty degrees around a long, thin promontory, showed us Eel Bay. Almost immediately came another sharp bend, and we entered the narrows at Smith's Rest and sailed out on Sand Lake. We now were laughing at the Thousand Islands.

After leaving Davis' Lock, with its blockhouse and more beautiful scenery, we slipped around some little islands and entered beautiful Lake Opinicon, which is divided into two parts by Barrel Point and its shoals. The second half is largely drowned land along its west shore, and we did some serpentine sailing, winding up with a great flourish of quick turning to make the sharp bend that lies before Chaffey's Lock. The run this far had been one delight after another, Mother Nature fairly hurling scenery at us.

Leaving the river, we took the shorter course across Indian Lake, and steered for Little Isthmus. The charted course is easily followed, and we were humming along in fine style when we neared a rowboat, whose occupant was fishing, and who showed great alarm when we hove in sight. Shouting to us and waving excitedly, he conveyed the impression that we should forsake the charted course and make a wide detour. We slowed down and asked him if that was what he meant, and received emphatic confirmation. Thinking there might be some temporary obstruction in the channel and that he should know more about it than we did, we swung wide and bumped over a ledge of rock. He had deliberately risked crippling us so that he might go on catching perch. Our cherished Rideau record was spoiled on the second day by an atom because he wanted to catch a few more little fish.

Near Newboro is a narrow cut between rock banks that crosses the divide, and we knew we were in the highest level of the entire cruise. This level is 411 feet above the sea, 166 feet above Lake Ontario and 200 feet above the basin at Ottawa. Of the 39 locks in the system, 25 were still ahead of us.

Leaving the canal, we entered Upper Rideau Lake, and had a run of twenty-five miles without a lock. When we passed Big Island the Chef began to worry about a camp site, and so, passing Loon Island, we turned and ran cautiously back along its eastern shore, feeling our way in to a small dock. The island was no place for a camp, because it appeared to be marshy, and we would not carry duffle over a dock when there must be places further along where we could run against a bank. I was studying the chart for such a place when two men in a rowboat pulled over and acted as though we were going to steal the island, which was most absurd for the reason that we had been passing much better islands all day. In the Rideau the crabs seem to be found only in rowboats. Reassuring the sportsmen that their island was safe from theft, but not from high water, we retraced our course with caution, and soon were humming along in the channel again. This was what came from having two shaved pates aboard, and I can hardly blame those very hospitable gentlemen.

We had been scaring up wildfowl ever since we entered the Rideau, herons and cranes being thick from Kingston to Kars, and some parts of the system appear to be the natural breeding grounds for ducks; on this run we saw many ducks, large and small. Coming to the lock at the Narrows, we found the drop to be only a foot or two, but it was significant, because it was here that we locked down for the first time since leaving St. Ours, back in the Richelieu River above Sorel.

Sailing squarely down the middle of Narrows Bay, we shot out into Big Rideau Lake, which is well named, and, as the southwest shore looked as though deep water might extend to the bank, we headed that way, found a fine camp site and nosed in against the bank, where the water was deep enough for the bow of the boat, but not for the stern. Then came swift work. A camp stove was built out of stones, and soon a hot fire was broiling a pair of chickens and cooking a big pan of French fried potatoes.

The Engineer picked up a browned half-chicken. "Tim, my boy, I'd leave my happy home for you!" he gloated.

"Don't you leave home for me, my bucko!" retorted the Chef. "Think all I've got to do is cook? Leave a few of those potatoes for the rest of us; and that extra piece of chicken is Mul's. He eats like a longshoreman; and, besides, we've got to treat him right or he'll maroon us."

"Look at the ducks," I grunted, waving a chicken bone in the direction of the lake.

"Gosh!" ejaculated the Engineer, restlessly. "Mebby they'd be hard to take! Watch where they light."

"Sit down!" ordered the Chef, sternly. "They're out of season, an' we're aliens. Let 'em alone."

"Yes; I know," replied the Engineer, fidgeting. "But it's an awful waste, lettin' 'em go."

"You fill *your* waist, an' stop flirting with jail," replied the Chef. "Canadian justice has no ward politics mixed up in it, and if it has you're a long way from *your* ward."

"They lit around the point, Mul," said the Engineer. "That English air-rifle won't make any noise, and it shoots like a twenty-two."

"I'll make a noise!" quoth the Chef. "Uncover that honey. You'd never get off—your hair's against you."

The Engineer sighed, and later disappeared, which caused the Chef to look into the cabin; but both rifles were there. When the Engineer returned he appeared to be content; the ducks had not stopped.

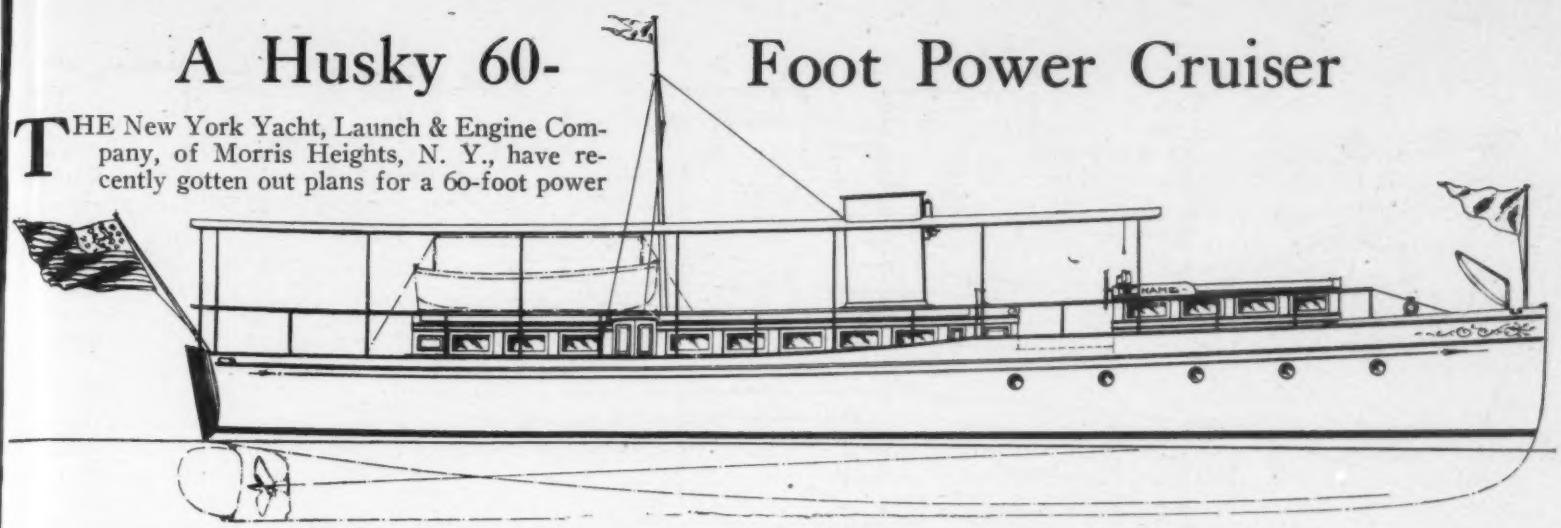
Supper cleared away, we sat around the blazing fire for a smoke before turning in. A loon called and owls hooted him. The water of the lake, stirred by gentle breezes, made music along the shore, while the night noises of the woods came to us in low-voiced harmony.

Sometime during the night I awoke suddenly and went into the cockpit to look around, for a choppy sea was running. The wind was stiff and had pushed us around until our entire keel bumped against the stony bottom. The Chef joined me, and we started the engine and ran off-shore, for there was every reason to believe that the wind would grow stronger.

(To be continued.)

A Husky 60-Foot Power Cruiser

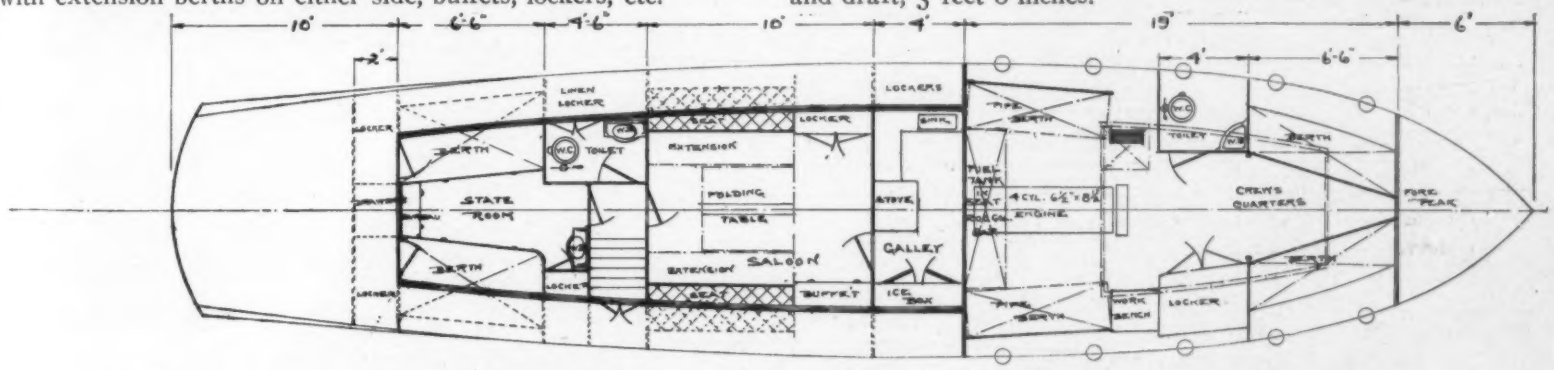
THE New York Yacht, Launch & Engine Company, of Morris Heights, N. Y., have recently gotten out plans for a 60-foot power



cruiser, which we reproduce herewith. The designs show a well-proportioned, able-looking boat, laid out so as to give most comfortable quarters for both owner and crew. The plans differ somewhat from those of the other boats turned out by this company, for, while they show a bridge deck type of boat, with a trunk cabin aft, the bridge, or steering well, is sunk below the level of the deck, and thus gives wide seats all around it. The owner's quarters are aft, while the engine room and crew's quarters are forward, the engines being just forward of amidships, under the bridge deck. Just abaft the engine room is a large galley, the full width of the boat, while beyond this is a saloon with extension berths on either side, buffets, lockers, etc.

The companionway is on the starboard side and leads into a passage between the saloon and the owner's stateroom aft, the latter being fitted with a double berth on each side and a bureau between.

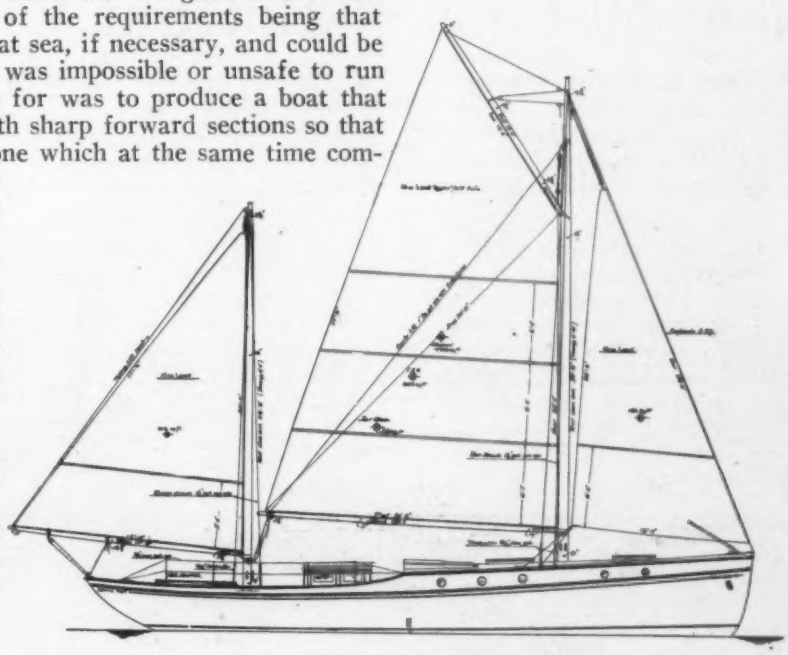
The boat will be equipped with a 4-cylinder, 6½" x 8½" Twentieth Century marine motor, the gasolene tank being located under the seat on the bridge. The boat will be planked with yellow pine over oak frames, all the house and deck trimmings being of mahogany and the decks of white pine. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 60 feet; l. w. l., 58 feet 6 inches; beam, 13 feet, and draft, 3 feet 6 inches.



Onima, a 42-Foot Auxiliary Power Cruiser

IN the October, 1913, issue of YACHTING appeared the plans of a 40-foot waterline, ketched-rigged power cruiser which had been worked out by Bowes & Mower, of Philadelphia, as one of a series published at that time on the "ideal" boat of various types. The boat in question was designed as an ideal deep-water power cruiser, one of the requirements being that she could be handled under sail at sea, if necessary, and could be hove-to in bad weather when it was impossible or unsafe to run under power. What we strove for was to produce a boat that was essentially a power boat, with sharp forward sections so that she could be driven easily, yet one which at the same time combined the requirements of a successful sail boat, and could thus carry canvas to advantage.

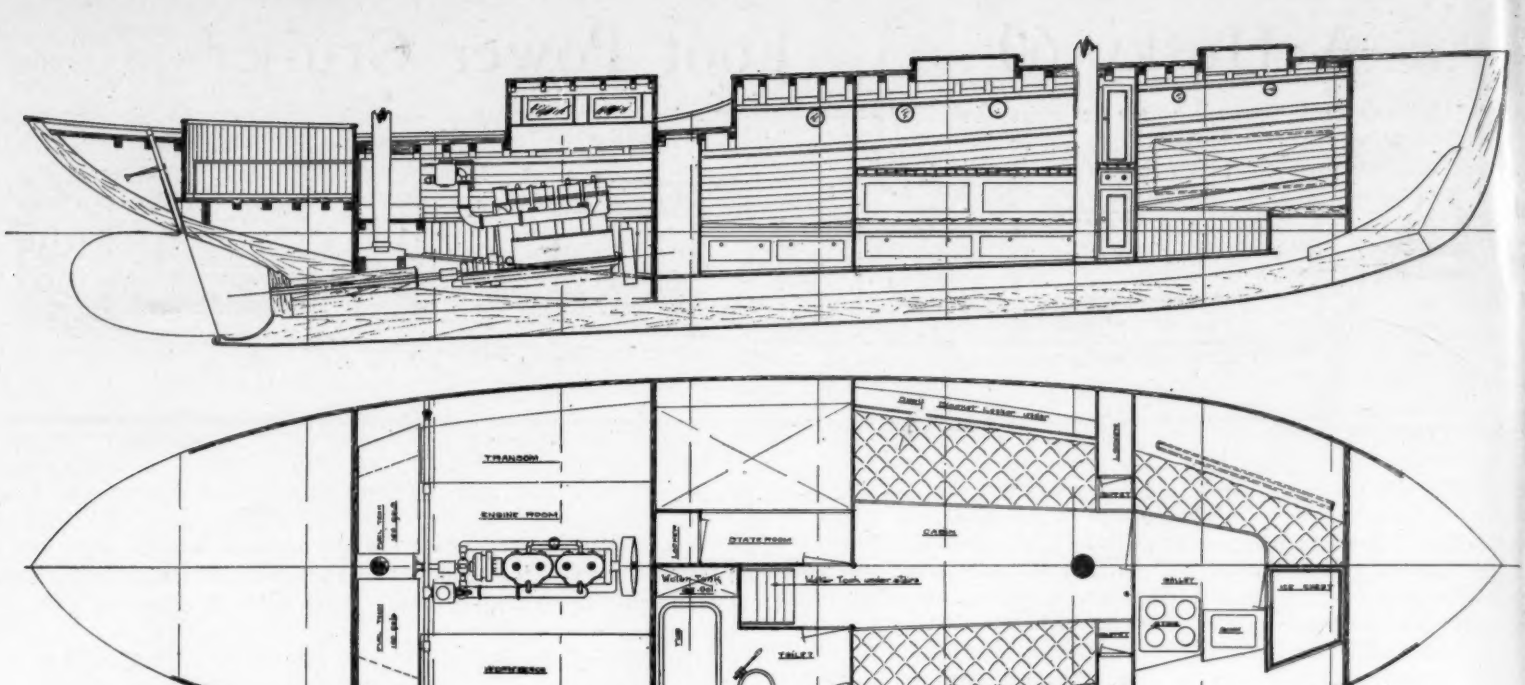
This design appealed to Mr. M. E. Sheridan, of Washington, D. C., as just the type of boat required for cruising on Chesapeake Bay, provided the draft could be reduced and the beam increased without sacrificing the real seagoing qualities of the boat. On the assurance of the designers that this could be done, the order was given, and the new plans were worked out according to their ideas as to the lines, and the owner's requirements as to cabin arrangements. Barring the draft and beam, the new boat, which is named Onima, is almost identical with the one published in the "ideal" series, as the accompanying plans and the following camparison will show:



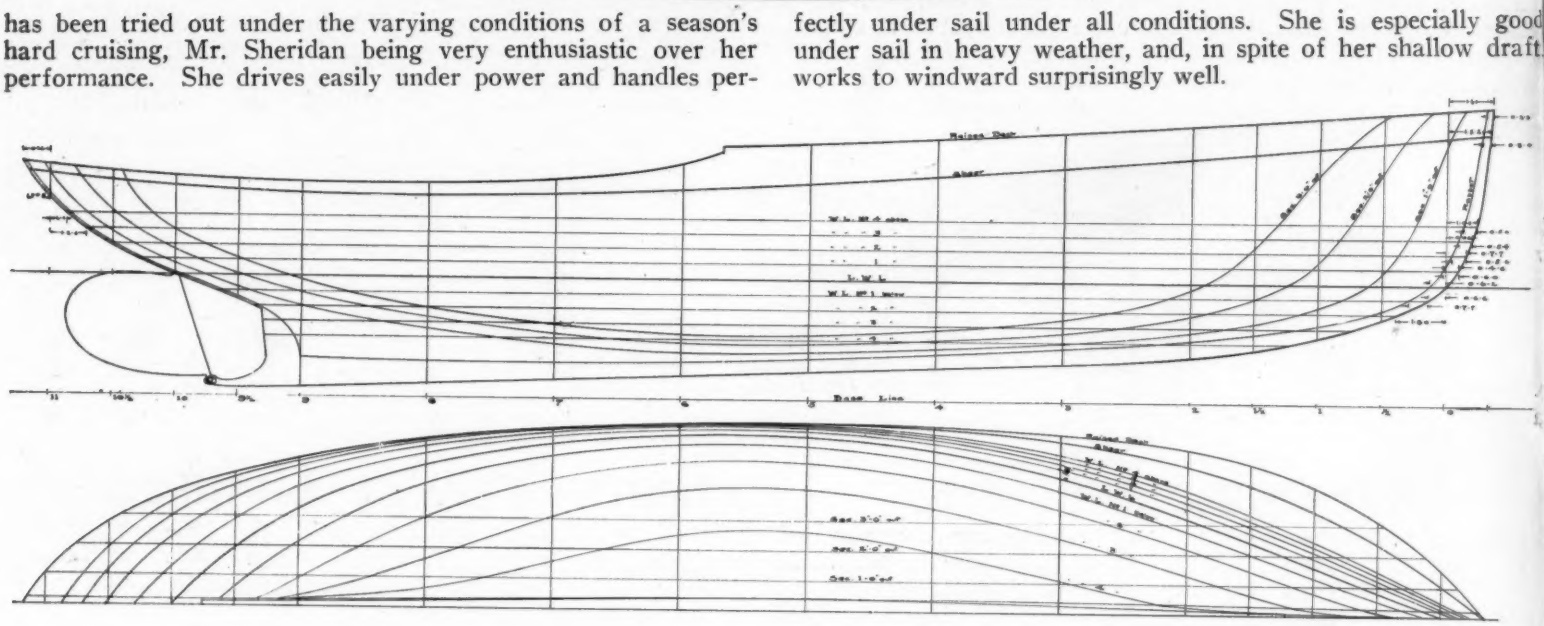
	Onima	Yachting Ketch
L. O. A.	49' 3"	46' 6"
L. W. L.	42' 6"	40' 00"
Beam, ext.	12' 6"	11' 1"
Beam, W. L.	11' 8"	10' 6"
Draft	3' 8"	6' 00"
Freeboard, bow	5' 10"	5' 10"
Freeboard, stern	3' 9"	3' 9"
Freeboard, least	3' 2"	3' 2"
Area, mainsail	490 feet	439 feet
Area, mizzen	203 feet	203 feet
Area, jib	162 feet	156 feet
Total S. A.	855 feet	798 feet
Displacement	30,436 lbs.	38,201 lbs.

The engine is a 4-cylinder 5¾" x 7¼", Twentieth Century turning a 24"—30", three-bladed propeller 400 r.p.m. Gasolene is carried in two tanks, with a total capacity of 200 gallons.

The cabin arrangements are novel and well worked out, and show a stateroom, a large and roomy main cabin and a good-sized galley. The boat has proved most satisfactory both under power and under sail, and



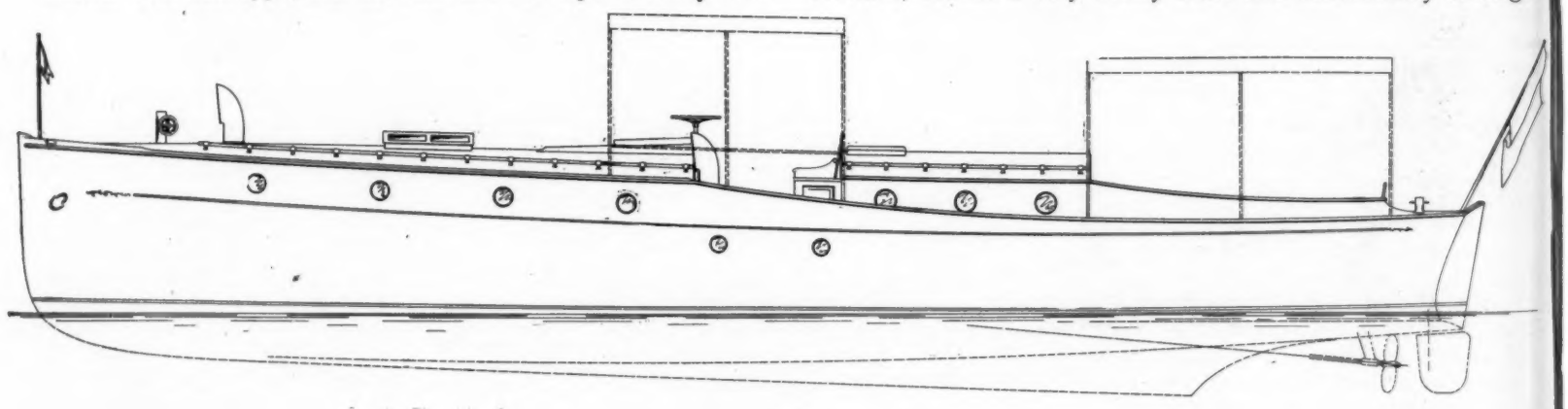
has been tried out under the varying conditions of a season's hard cruising, Mr. Sheridan being very enthusiastic over her performance. She drives easily under power and handles perfectly under sail under all conditions. She is especially good under sail in heavy weather, and, in spite of her shallow draft works to windward surprisingly well.

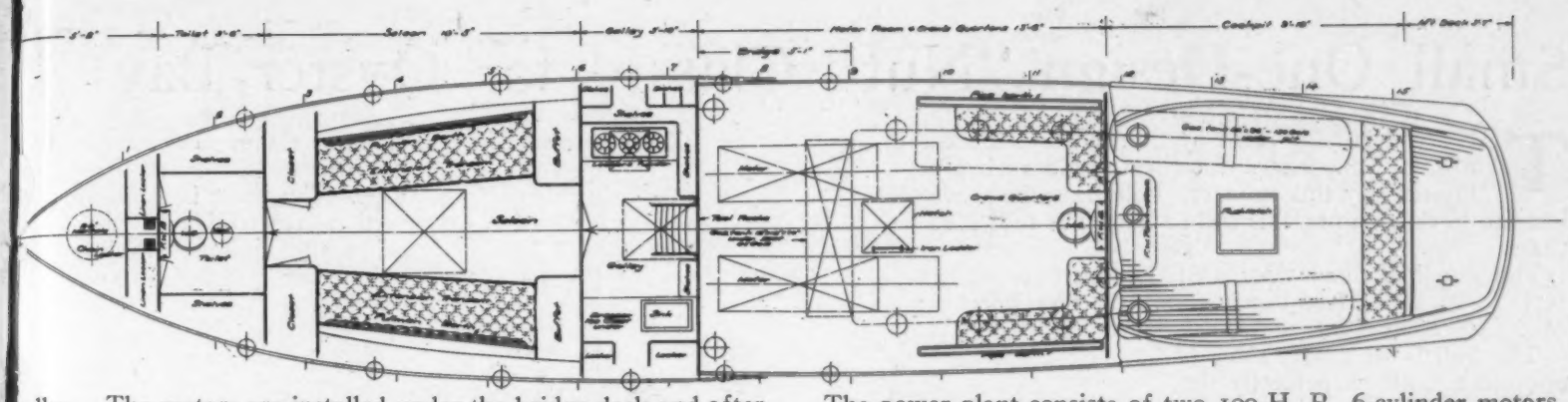


A New 50-Foot V-Bottom Cruiser

AT Lawley's yard, Neponset, Mass., there is a very interesting twin-screw express cruiser now building from plans by Wm. H. Hand, Jr., of New Bedford, Mass., for Mr. Chester W. Bliss, of Boston. This boat is of Mr. Hand's well-known V-bottom type, and the lines are developed directly from the famous Flyaway III, a boat which proved the sensation of the season of 1914.

By reference to the plans it will be noted that the new boat provides a cabin with berths for four under the raised freeboard forward, besides a very roomy toilet and conveniently arranged





galley. The motors are installed under the bridge deck and after trunk, which also makes an after cabin for the accommodation of two men, with necessary toilet conveniences. There is a roomy cockpit aft to properly accommodate fishing parties, for the new boat will be used frequently for tuna fishing off Block Island.

The construction is strong, yet not unduly heavy, and the lines are such that the boat will present a very neat, trim and business-like appearance afloat. The general finish is mahogany and white.

The power plant consists of two 100-H. P., 6-cylinder motors running at about 1,200 r.p.m., installed with electric lighting and starting systems and arranged with all controls led to the steering wheel on the bridge deck. A speed of from 22 to 25 miles is expected under service conditions.

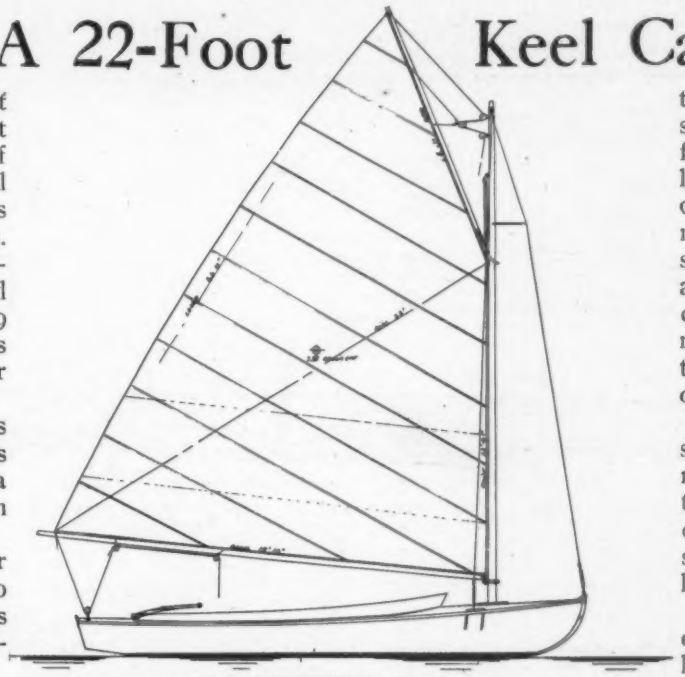
It is expected, and with reason, that Mr. Bliss's new boat will prove a notable addition to the popular and growing fleet of express cruisers. The dimensions are: Length over all, 50 feet; beam, extreme, 10 feet 2 inches; draft, extreme, 2 feet 10 inches.

A 22-Foot Keel Catboat

A VERY unusual little catboat that was designed and built by George L. Chaisson, of Swampscott, Mass., for Mr. Alfred Baxter, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is shown in the accompanying plans. This little craft was built for afternoon sailing and knocking around, and is 22 feet in length over all, 16 feet 9 inches on the water, 6 feet 8 inches beam, and 2 feet 10 inches draft. Her sail area is 251 square feet.

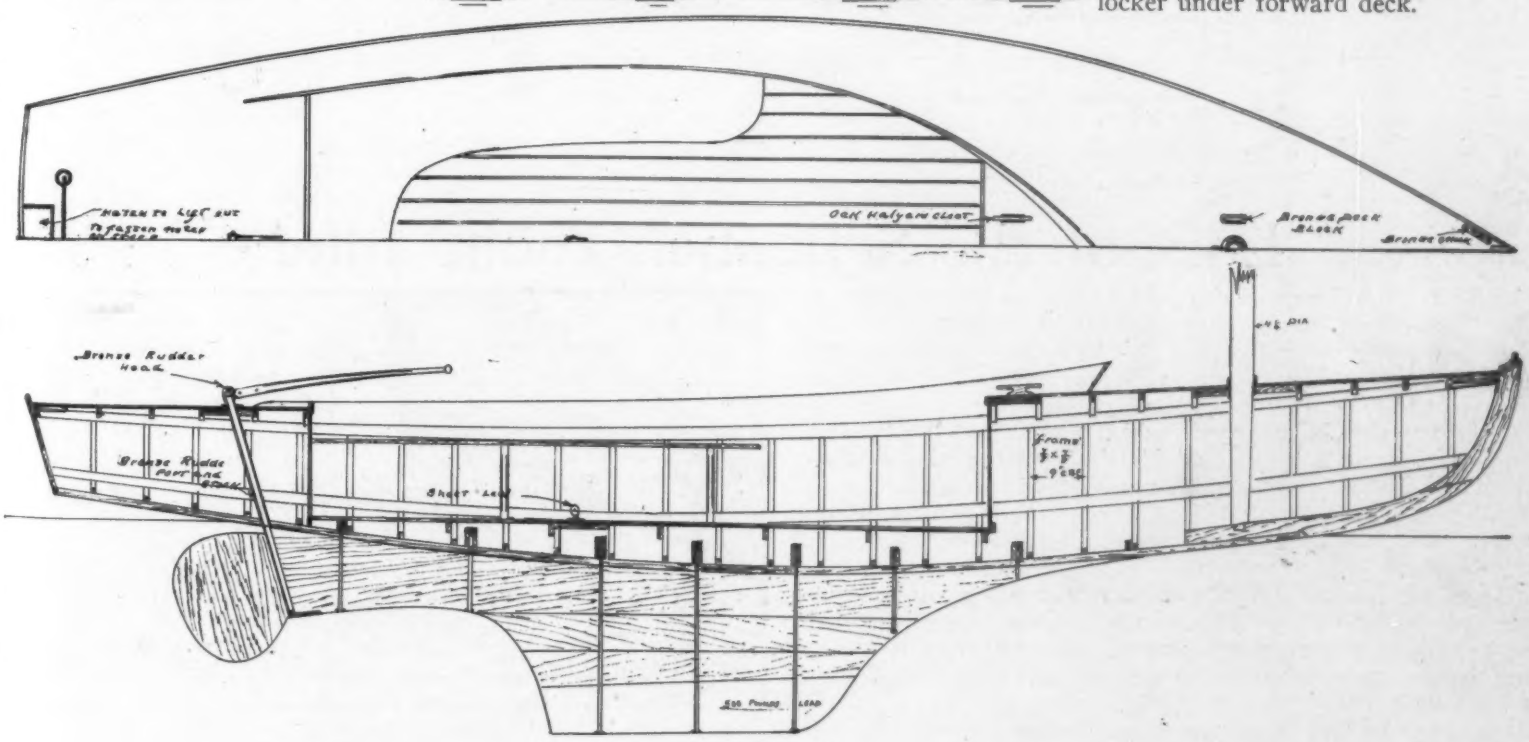
She is a keel boat with 500 pounds of outside lead ballast, and she has proved very able and fast. She has a large, "roomy" cockpit with seats on both sides and around the after end.

As some kind of auxiliary power was wanted, and it was not desired to install a motor in a boat as small as this, arrangements are made for fitting an outboard motor. There is a small, square hatch in the after deck, flush with the stern transom, just large enough to take the bracket of an outboard or portable motor. Such a motor can thus be clamped on the stern and the boat converted into an auxiliary, with from 2 to 3½ h. p., according to the motor purchased, at a moment's notice. When not in use the engine can be stowed forward under the deck.



The overhangs are moderate, yet she has good bearing surface and carries her sail well. Her owner writes that she is very nicely balanced, handles well in a seaway, and is at the same time very steady for a boat of her size.

There is a bulkhead at forward end of cockpit, making a good stowage locker under forward deck.



Small One-Design "Nut" Class for Oyster Bay

THE accompanying plans by Cox & Stevens show a small, one-design scow class for racing in Oyster Bay this summer. Following the prevalent fad in class names, this will be known as the "Nut" Class.

The principal dimensions are: Length over all, 22 feet; L. W. L., 15 feet 3 inches; beam, 4 feet 3 inches; draft, 4½ inches; sail area, 185 square feet.

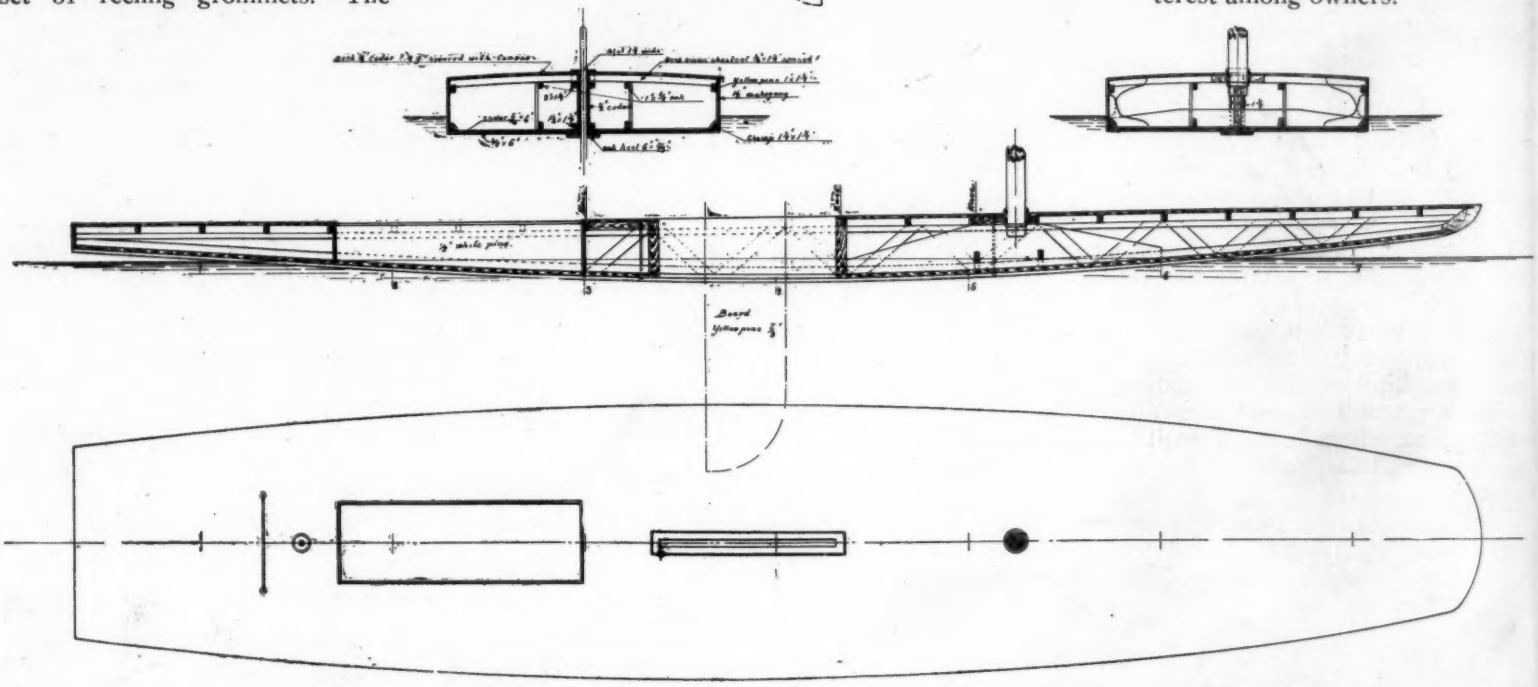
The hull is of cedar, sides of one piece, bottoms perfectly flat, deck slightly crowned and canvas covered. Two longitudinal trusses stiffen the hull. The boats are flush-decked, the cockpit being only large enough to accommodate the feet of the crew. By this arrangement they may be sailed at a wide angle of heel without filling. This, in fact, is their best position for sailing, the wetted surface being reduced to a minimum. A dagger centerboard drops 3 feet below the bottom.

The rig is a single sliding gunter sail of 3-ounce duck with one set of reefing grommets. The running rigging consists of one halyard and a sheet of cotton rope. The mast is built up, the section resembling a cross in shape, the sail hoist traveling on a brass slide attached to the after member.

The rudder is arranged to unship in the water, and in that position is suspended by a brass chain. This allows of the boat being beached without difficulty.

A sample boat was given a trial last October in a stiff breeze, and was found to show remarkable speed and stiffness. One person will generally constitute the crew. So far 24 boats have been ordered for the class, all by residents of the Oyster Bay section, and the craft are already under construction.

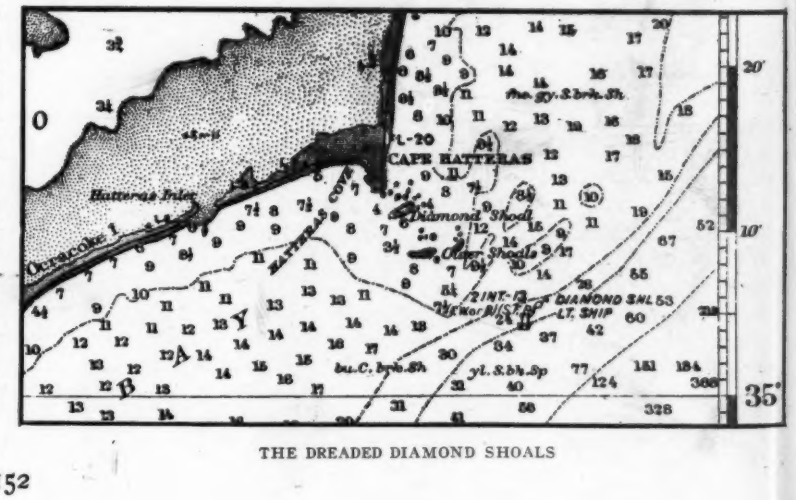
The racing rules that are proposed introduce certain features of novelty calculated to stimulate interest among owners.



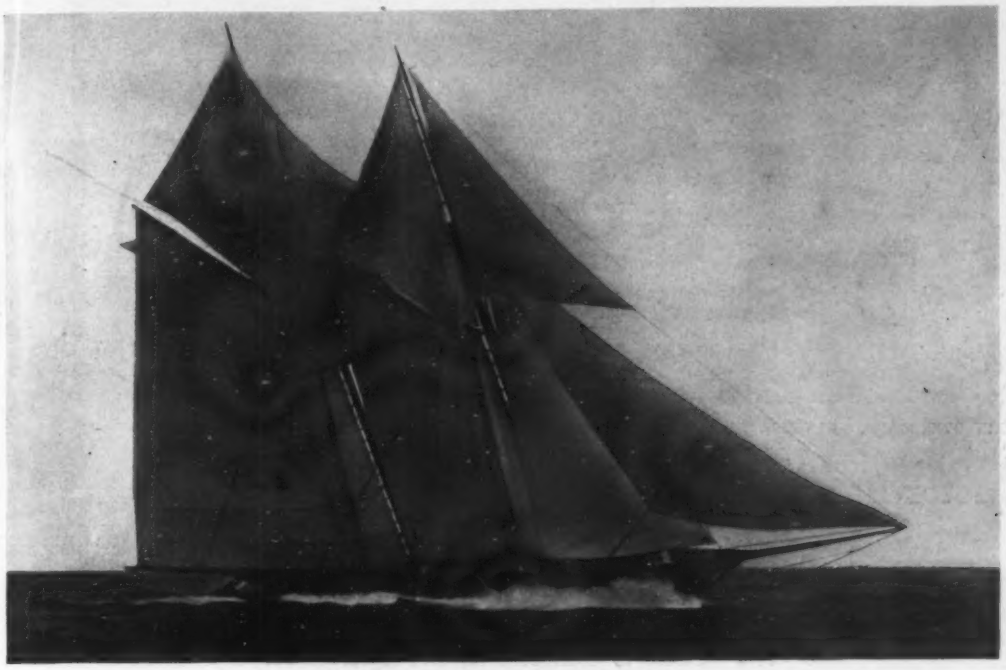
Loss of the Schooner Yacht Idler

STRETCHING from ten to twelve miles off the most dreaded "corner" of the whole Atlantic Coast is a shoal that has been the graveyard of probably more ships than any other one spot between Key West and Cape Sable. Extending off shore right to the very edge of the Gulf Stream it is a particular menace to vessels bound north, which draw in on the land and turn the corner at the Diamond Shoals Lightship, stationed sixteen miles off shore and some six miles outside of the shoals. In a southeast gale of wind a sailing vessel is in a bad position if south of the Shoals, unless she can carry sail enough to run off southwest and keep clear of the North Carolina coast. With a northeast wind any vessel hove-to northeast of the Shoals is in a dangerous position. Not only are the Shoals themselves dangerous, but the currents are treacherous, and the shore is so low-lying that in any but the clearest weather it is hard to distinguish the beach only a few miles off.

It is not often that vessels southward bound get into difficulties



THE DREADED DIAMOND SHOALS



AUXILIARY SCHOONER YACHT IDLER

there, yet that is what happened to the schooner yacht Idler, which sailed from New York on January 21st, and three days later was a total wreck on the Inner Diamond Shoals.

The auxiliary schooner yacht Idler, designed by Tams, Lemoine & Crane, and built in 1901 by Lawley, was sold by Henry T. Sloane to J. P. Jefferson, of Warren, Pa., and had been fitted out for an extended cruise through the Panama Canal to the South Sea Islands of the Pacific, under the command of Captain R. H. Harding and a crew of 13 men. She was bound for Havana, where she was to pick up her owner and guests. After she sailed nothing was heard from her until the morning of the 24th, when a schooner yacht was reported in the breakers on Diamond Shoals. It was not until some time later, however, that the wreck was identified as the Idler. The life savers were unable to reach her with their boats, and a revenue cutter, which was notified, could not get close enough to render any assistance.

There has been a great deal of speculation as to how the yacht got so far off her course, being at least ten miles inside Diamond Shoals Lightship, the mark for which vessels run in rounding Cape Hatteras. There have been reports that she carried away her mainmast to the north of the Cape, and in the northeast gale that was prevailing could not carry on enough sail to claw off. This, however, has been disproved by the report of the life savers of the Cape Hatteras Station. The report of the Coast Guard Service, giving all the information available of the wreck, is interesting, and is as follows:

EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT ON THE LOSS OF THE YACHT IDLER

"A small vessel, schooner rigged and having the general appearance of a yacht, was sighted at 9.30 A. M., January 24th, by the surfman on day watch in the lookout tower of the Cape Hatteras Station, in the breakers on the Inner Diamond Shoals, about four or five miles off shore. The vessel was under reduced sail, reefed foresail and mainsail close reefed and one headsail. There was no sign of life on board, nor was any signal of distress discernible. She was rolling deeply and laboring heavily, with the seas breaking completely over her. The vessel was at once reported to the keeper, who immediately went to the lookout and verified the conditions above mentioned, then had notice given by telephone to the crews of the two adjacent stations, who responded as soon as practicable, and proceeded with his crew to launch the power surf-boat in the bight of Hatteras Cove as the only available means of rendering any possible assistance to a vessel so far off shore. The launching of the boat was found impossible after repeated trials, even with the assistance of the crew from the Creeds Hill Station, which had arrived to assist in the attempts. The evidence shows that in launching the boat head on to the surf the current along the beach would sweep the boat's bow off to one side, and the great force from the swash of the heavy beach breakers would immediately throw the boat back on the beach broadside before the crew could properly man or get the boat under way.

This condition, it was found, prevailed for the three days following, similar attempts to launch being made each day. That the place selected for launching the boat was the best is quite certain, as it afforded the only lee, though slight, from the northerly sea and wind.

"It appears the state of the weather, wind and sea was extremely unfavorable in this case. With the wind during the night before blowing strong from the southeast and shifting during the early morning of the 24th ultimo to the northeast, both winds making up a high sea, it is evident that the vessel encountered on Diamond Shoals a turbulent mass of huge, smothering breakers extending for miles to either side, the heavy, breaking, old sea opposing the new. Also these conditions produced a surf too high to permit the slightest chance of launching a boat of any description from the beach on either side of the Cape. There is little wonder that the yacht broke up and sank as it did a few hours after it was sighted.

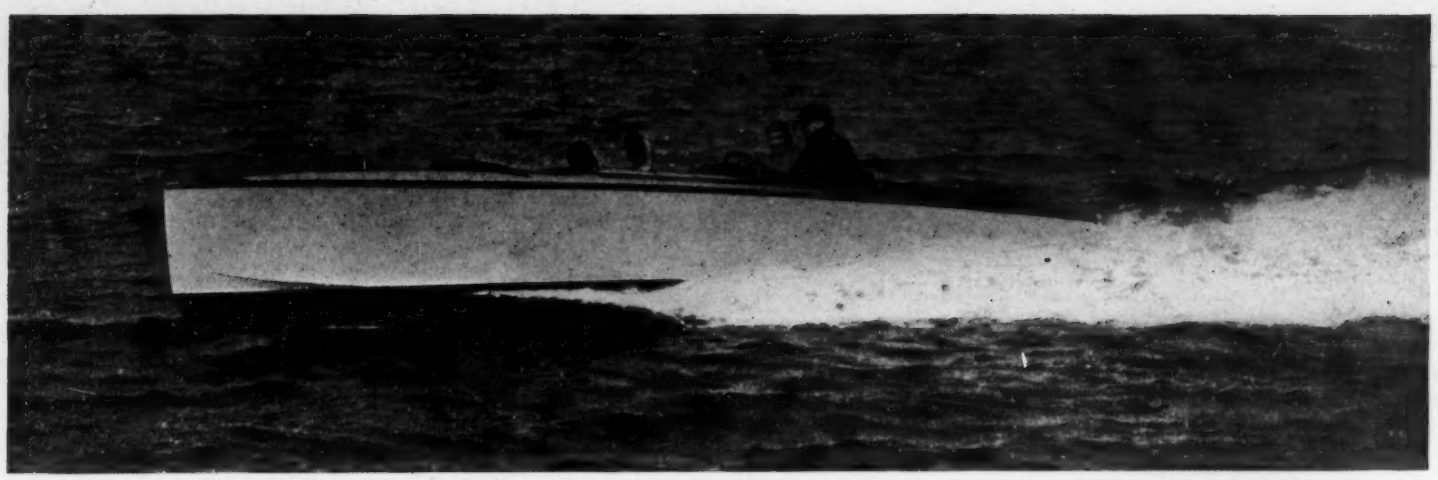
"Had it been possible to launch a boat from the beach, the evidence shows that the great extent of heavy breakers, opposing seas, and well-known treacherous cross currents of great velocity at such times in the vicinity of the shoals would have rendered it quite impossible to have approached within several miles of where the vessel was first seen or foundered.

"On the morning of the 24th ultimo I happened to pass along the ocean beach between Kitty Hawk and the Kill Devil Hills stations, and recall the wind blowing a fresh gale from the N.N.E. and an unusually high sea running, and can realize somewhat the conditions which must have prevailed about Cape Hatteras at that stormy time.

"In my opinion, a vessel of such small size, of yacht design, and

(*Continued on page* 167)

BREAKING UP. THE SHOALS OF THE ATLANTIC COAST ARE THE END OF MANY A FINE CRAFT



THE FIRST SPEED BOAT OF THE SEASON OVERBOARD. GINGER, RUNNING HER TRIALS AT NEW BEDFORD ON JANUARY 16

Proposed One-Design Class for Motor Boat Club of America

Believing in boats of identical design and power for the promoting of racing, the Motor Boat Club of America is backing a one-design class of small racing boats, and six members of the organization have already promised to build to the specifications adopted by the club. The boats will be small, about 21 feet in length, and can be purchased for just under $1,000, the price mentioned being $999, which fact in itself will make the class quite distinctive. If the class can be promoted successfully, it is hoped that other clubs will adopt the class and that a number of boats will be built to it. A small one-design racing class would seem to be the solution of the racing problem for speed boats. A restricted class might be better than a strictly one-design class, as it leaves more latitude for development in both hull and engine, but what is needed is a class with certain limitations that will put the boats on an approximately even plane, and will not impose a penalty on the man who has not the pocketbook for unlimited power or for the most expensive hull. To make racing successful the boats should be evenly matched so that the finishes will be close and not a procession, which, unfortunately, is usually the case with power boats of high speed.

For Winter Racing

The motor boat speed bug seems to have hit Havana, Cuba, and it is probable that the harbor there will be the scene of a speed boat race next winter. After the recent regatta at Miami some of the racing men went to Havana, where there seemed to be much interest in speed boat racing, and assurances were had from the President of the Republic down to the commodore of the Havana Yacht Club that they would "go the limit" in arranging a race next year to follow the mid-winter regatta at Biscayne Bay. The results of the racing there January 15 and 16 last justify the belief that this can be made an annual mid-winter event.

Building a Racing Skiff for $25.00

JOUJOU, A 13½-FOOT RACING SKIFF THAT CAN BE BUILT FOR $25

The accompanying photograph shows a somewhat new type of small racing boat, which has been worked out and perfected by Mr. P. H. Ryder to meet the demand for an inexpensive, easily-built boat, which an amateur would have no difficulty in putting together himself, yet which is at the same time seaworthy and fast. There is a great demand for small one-design boats for club racing, and we have made arrangements with Mr. Ryder to tell just how to build this boat.

The article will appear in the April number of YACHTING, and will contain full plans of the boat, with photographs of the work in its various stages, a full description of how to do the work and a list of the material necessary. The boat can be built in a few weeks, working only in your spare time, and the publication in the April issue will give plenty of time to build the boat and have it ready by the opening of the sailing season.

This little craft, which has been named Joujou by the designer, is 13 feet 6 inches long, 4 feet 2 inches beam, weighs about 250 pounds, and carries 75 square feet of sail. She can be built complete for $25.00.

This is not an experiment, but a boat that has been tried out under all kinds of conditions and is good in rough water as well as in smooth.

The Article is complete in the April issue. Don't fail to get it.

An Early Test of a 1915 Speed Boat

Probably the first of the 1915 high-speed boats to be tested in the water was the 25-foot runabout designed and built by Wm. H. Hand, Jr., of New Bedford, Mass. This boat, the Ginger, was launched on January 16 last, and tested the same day with the temperature below the freezing point. A speed of 32.14 statute miles per hour was developed with a 65-horsepower engine in spite of the low temperature and unfavorable weather conditions. Those that made the test with the boat declare that automobiling with the temperature at zero has nothing on motor boating at 30 miles an hour in January.

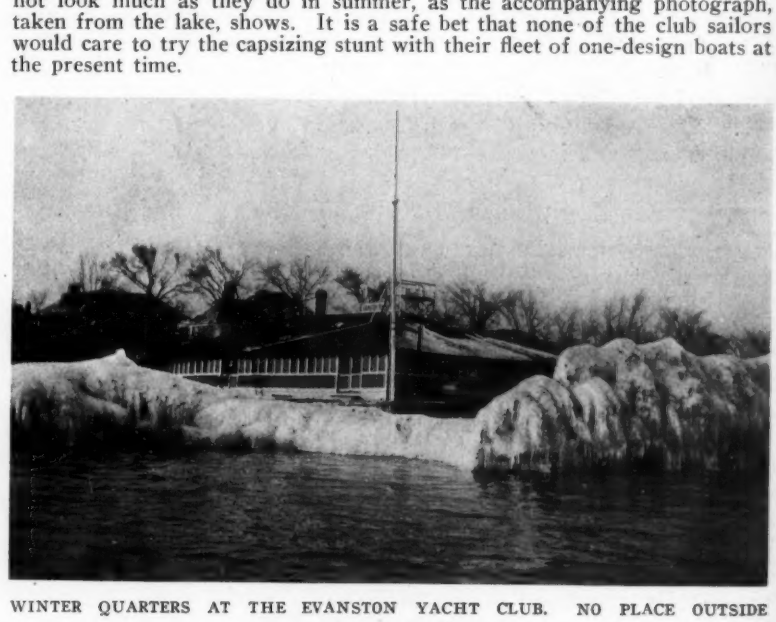
A Motor Boat Race Around Long Island

In addition to the usual Block Island, Cornfield Lightship and Stratford Shoals long-distance power boat races next summer, a new race has been scheduled which should be one of the best of the year.

This is a race around Long Island, held under the auspices of the Yacht Racing Association of Jamaica Bay. The course will be from Rockaway Inlet eastward around Montauk Point, thence through the Race, up Long Island Sound, and down the East River to the finish line off Jamaica Bay, the entire distance being about 257 statute miles.

Evanston Yacht Club's Winter Quarters

Though this is the off-season in boating activities the Evanston Yacht Club, of Evanston, Ill., has maintained winter quarters this year, and the club house on the shores of Lake Michigan has been kept open all winter with considerable success. The club basin and breakwater, however, do not look much as they do in summer, as the accompanying photograph, taken from the lake, shows. It is a safe bet that none of the club sailors would care to try the capsizing stunt with their fleet of one-design boats at the present time.



WINTER QUARTERS AT THE EVANSTON YACHT CLUB. NO PLACE OUTSIDE FOR A GENTLEMAN'S SON

Driftwood from Alongshore

Ice Boating Activity at Orange Lake

The annual meeting of the Orange Lake Ice Yacht Club was held January 10, and resulted in the re-election of the following officers for 1915: Homer S. Ramsdell, commodore; T. Millspaugh, vice-commodore; George Mason, Wm. M. Stanbrough and Dr. Barnum, directors; George Mason, Dr. Barnum and William Sharps, regatta committee; Capt. G. A. Morse, secretary. The club decided to send boats to Hyde Park, and the Junior, owned by Frank Taylor, and a new and untried Buckout boat owned by Ralph Tompkins, of Beacon, were chosen to represent the club. They and the Heavy Weather, owned by Wm. M. Stanbrough, which is now at Hyde Park Club house, will make three boats to defend the pennant for the O. L. I. Y. C. The race will be held if ice permits.

After the meeting the club gathered at the Lake House, where a dinner was served to 21 members, who were the guests of a member unmentioned. After dinner good sailing was enjoyed, both in ice yachts and scooters. There are three of the latter now at the lake, one owned by Mr. Sharps, the Eagle, and brought from the Great South Bay by Capt. Thurber, to be used in a race between ice boat and scooter. The latter won. The conditions called for the ice boat to sail 20 miles while the scooter was to sail 10 miles. As a matter of fact, the ice yacht, the Windward, sailed in one heat 17 miles and a fraction, while the scooter sailed 10 miles. In a race to windward between the Junior (ice yacht) and the Eagle (scooter), the Eagle lost by a few seconds, which was a surprising fact, as it was supposed the ice boat could go to windward much the faster.

Cleveland Yacht Club Flag Officers

At the annuual election of the Cleveland Yacht Club the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Commodore, F. W. Roberts; vice-commodore, T. B. Van Dorn; rear-commodore, W. C. Malin; secretary, F. C. Van Sickle; treasurer, J. E. O'Brien. Directors for three-year term, Commodore G. H. Gardner, F. W. Roberts, N. Simonson; director for one-year term, H. C. Spalding; I. L. Y. A. delegate, C. H. Worthington; I. L. Y. A. alternate, C. D. Beeman; A. P. B. A. and N. P. B. A. delegate, R. E. Power; A. P. B. A. and N. P. B. A. alternate, W. F. Meier.

Pavonia Yacht Club

The newly-elected officers of the Pavonia Yacht Club, on Newark Bay, Bayonne, have just met and organized. They are:

Commodore, Col. Clarence Hodson; vice-commodore, A. E. Williamson; rear-commodore, W. A. Bauman; fleet surgeon, M. S. Hatch; treasurer, J. J. Bechtold; corresponding secretary, H. S. Smith; financial secretary, D. A. Woodruff.

The Pavonia Yacht Club, which was organized in 1867 and incorporated 1869, is the largest organization of its kind in the State of New Jersey, and is said to be the third oldest yacht club in the United States. As heretofore a series of entertainments will be given through the year, some of which will be under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary. Further improvements are contemplated this year on the club's commodious premises. The directors for 1915, in addition to the officers, are as follows: Messrs. S. W. Decker, C. Schmidt, F. Baker and Anthony Schneider.

Many Sales and Charters

The early winter season just past has been an unusually active one for the sale and charter of yachts, and the brokers report that many pleasure boats have changed hands, since the European war has kept so many Americans at home.

Messrs. Gielow & Orr, New York City, report the following recent sales and charters of yachts, motor boats and houseboats:

Three-masted auxiliary schooner yacht Guinevere, estate of R. P. Doremus, to Commodore Edgar Palmer; motor yacht Esperanza, *ex* Christina, sold for Mr. J. Dalsell McKee to Mr. B. B. Friedenwald, Baltimore, Md.; motor yacht Grey Fox, *ex* Elver III, sold for Mr. Cortland Betts to Mr. A. L. Baker, Raleigh, N. C.; auxiliary schooner yacht Fiorgyn, *ex* Cone, sold for Mr. Lloyd R. Steere to Mr. Thomas Thorkildsen, Los Angeles, Cal.; the 60-foot houseboat Whileaway, sold for Mr. Frank Daniels to Philip Bylaskas, of Fort Myers, Fla.; the raised-deck cruiser Julia Lincoln, sold for Mr. E. F. Clark to Mr. A. G. Losier, Albany; speed launch Christina, sold for Mr. Frederick C. Fletcher to Mr. Payne Whitney; 35-foot express boat Filleybuster, sold for Mr. F. H. Filley to Mr. Frank M. Douglass, Philadelphia; auxiliary yawl, Katrina II, sold for Mr. John H. Wilcox to Mr. W. H. Stewart, of Washington, D. C.; 52-foot raised-deck cruiser Elsie III, sold for Eugene S. Kimball to Mr. Lincoln C. Cummings, of Brookline, Mass.; 70-foot twin screw houseboat Whim, sold for Mrs. Ida M. Van Horne to Mr. Arthur T. Hardy, New York, for service on the Great South Bay; 60-foot raised-deck cruiser Audwin, sold for Mr. G. E. Audie to Commodore Allen K. White, Atlantic City, N. J.; 60-foot sloop yacht Josephine, sold for Mr. Milton Smith to Mr. Ernest Johnson, New York.

An exceptional demand for craft is reported by Cox & Stevens. Some of their recent transactions include the following:

The 98-foot twin screw power yacht Tuna, sold for John L. Inglis, N. Y. Y. C., to Edward L. Welsh, N. Y. Y. C., for service at Miami; the 77-foot twin screw gasolene houseboat Lodona, sold for Dr. Archibald G. Thomson, of Philadelphia, to James Godfrey Wilson, Larchmont Yacht Club; the 90-foot twin screw power houseboat Zianetta, chartered for Dr. Charles L. Van Bergen, N. Y. Y. C., to Theo. N. Vail, N. Y. Y. C.; 115-foot steam houseyacht See-Le-Ruh, sold for T. E. Mitten, of Philadelphia, to Henry C. Phipps, N. Y. Y. C. (name since changed to Seminole); 90-foot gasolene yacht Dormarbea (name changed to Kilkenny), sold for W. B. H. Dowse, of Boston, to Thomas Roberts, Jr., of Philadelphia, and 60-foot bridge deck cruiser Dido, sold for Charles S. McCulloch, Larchmont Yacht Club, to Harry T. Emmons, Boston Yacht Club; 68-foot twin screw cruiser Ocoee, sold for Edward L. Welsh, N. Y. Y. C., to Edward J. Clark, of Grand Rapids, Mich., for use on Great Lakes (name will be changed to Saladin); the 62-foot over-all schooner yacht Vigil, sold for R. E. Leavitt and Jules Clements, of New York, to C. D. Vail, of Lynnbrook, L. I.; the 57-foot bridge deck cruiser Ariel, sold for estate of Theo. A. Lord, of Yonkers, N. Y., to a Philadelphia yachtsman; the 35-foot auxiliary yawl Winsome, sold for Richard F. Maynard to A. L. Soper, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The following sales and charters have been effected through the office of Stanley M. Seaman, 220 Broadway, New York City:

The 195-foot steel seagoing steam yacht O-we-ra has been sold for Frederick H. Stevens to Mr. Peter G. Gerry, N. Y. Y. C.; the seagoing steam yacht Waturus has been chartered for Mr. Randal Morgan, N. Y. Y. C., to a member of the same club for an extended trip through the West Indies, Panama and South American waters; the Herreshoff steam yacht Parthenia has been chartered for Mr. Harry E. Converse to a member of the N. Y. Y. C.; the 95-foot seagoing power yacht Dielta, sold for Mr. John J. Riker, N. Y. Y. C., to F. E. Lewis II, of Saugatuck, Conn.; auxiliary schooner yacht Southern Cross, sold for Mr. John B. Phillips, of this city, to Thomas Collins, Keansburg, N. J.; raised-deck cruiser Annaweta, sold for Frederick Lewis, Norfolk, Va., to H. W. Dobbins, Jr., Newark, N. J.; Lawley raised-deck cruiser Zephyr, sold for George C. Foster, N. Y. Y. C., to R. A. Dowler, of New York; hunting cabin cruiser, Shagwong, sold for L. E. Woodhouse, New York, to E. Graham Smyth, Greenwich, Conn.; auxiliary yawl Thora, sold for George A. Oppenheimer, New Rochelle, N. Y., to Henry Henning, of this city; auxiliary yawl Crocodile, sold for E. P. Hicks, New York, to W. P. Bradley, Providence, R. I.; auxiliary sloop Venire, sold for C. P. Bruch, of this city, to William Faversham; auxiliary yawl Yebis, sold for Thos. S. Dolan, Pelham Manor, N. Y., to B. S. Wollacott, City Island; speed launch Setsnug, sold for John R. Giles, Norwalk, Conn., to William S. Fairchild, Newark, N. J.; raised-deck cruiser Scalawag, sold for George A. Jenkins, Stamford, Conn., to E. J. H. Theimer, Brooklyn, N. Y.; catboat Virginia, sold for George Norris, of New York, to Henry B. Carpenter.

The Hollis Burgess Yacht Agency has sold the 46-foot waterline Herreshoff sloop Altair, formerly owned by Edward W. Manahan, of Milton, Mass., to Allen C. Jones, of the Boston Yacht Club, who will change her over to a motor yacht for use as a tender to his Class P champion sloop Nutmeg III. The same agency has sold the 42-foot motor boat Marna, owned by A. M. Summers, of Brookline, Mass., to J. O. Plummer, of Portland, Me.; the 38-foot motor boat Clarowin, owned by A. S. Thomas, of New York, to A. W. Henry, of Chelsea, Mass.; the 30-foot waterline auxiliary sloop Zeruah, owned by James A. Veech, of Connellsville, Pa., to a Boston yachtsman, and the 35-foot waterline auxiliary yawl Companion, owned by E. C. Lang, of Wakefield, Mass., to Ernest R. Johnson, of Providence, R. I.; the 60-foot launch Calumet, for Rev. Robert Codman, to G. H. Page, of Boston; the 25-foot waterline sloop Thorana, for F. B. Walls, to a Boston yachtsman; the 25-foot yawl Rana, for E. M. Parks, Arlington, Mass., to F. P. Wetherell, New York, and the 47-foot power cruiser Ellodar, owned by Britt Bros., to C. H. Ludington.

Long Voyage of the Sloop Athene

An unusually long voyage for a sloop yacht was recently made by the Athene, which was sold last fall to Mr. C. E. Miller, of Santa Barbara, Cal., The Athene is a Herreshoff sloop of composite construction, 70 feet long on the waterline, 102 feet long over all, and drawing 11 feet of water.

She left New London October 27; called at Charleston, S. C., Kingston, Jamaica, Colon, Panama (passing through the Canal), Acapulco and San Diego. In the Crooked Island passage she lost her topmast, and it was replaced by another at the Isthmus. The entire passage from New London to San Diego occupied 69 days. Mr. Miller was accompanied by his wife, and as they had been married shortly before the yacht sailed the trip was dubbed "a honeymoon cruise."

Baltimore Yacht Club

The officers of the Baltimore Yacht Club for 1915 were elected January 26, and are as follows:

Commodore and president, Isaac C. Emerson; vice-commodore, W. B. Hurst; rear-commodore, Arthur D. Foster; treasurer, J. A. Davis; secretary, J. A. Dinning; measurer, H. M. Foster; governors, E. A. Walton, Dwight F. Mallory, William D. Gill, Harvey Rowland; regatta committee, F. W. McAllister, W. H. Towles, Thomas E. Coale.

City Island Yacht Club Election

At a recent meeting of the City Island Yacht Club the following officers were elected for the season of 1915: Commodore, W. A. Walters; vice-commodore, John Pepper; rear-commodore, D. Frapwell; secretary, K. A. Weilbacher; treasurer, T. Kaufer; financial secretary, J. Gutman; fleet surgeon, Dr. F. Lawrence; measurer, R. Purdy; board of directors, John Pepper, chairman; T. Meossner, R. Amberg, J. A. Lannan, J. Gutman, E. E. Peterson, T. Kaufer.

Special Editorial Notice

BEGINNING with the April issue, we will publish a special newsstand edition of YACHTING, which will sell at fifteen cents a copy, instead of twenty-five cents as heretofore.

In publishing this edition at the new price we will maintain the high standard of quality as to editorial material, illustrations, printing and paper that has made the magazine distinctive in the past, and we will hold to the traditions of the last eight years in making a magazine for the man that owns a boat, who wants to own one, or who has a drop of salt in his veins. We feel that in making this new price on the newsstands we will spread the influence of YACHTING, will increase interest in the sport, and by getting people who are only casual readers of specialized boating publications interested in boats and showing them what the water offers the man who follows it for pleasure, will stimulate the growth of the best of all pastimes. This has been our constant aim in the past and we believe we can be more useful to a greater number by making this change at the present time. The magazine will be on sale at the newsstands in all parts of the country.

The yearly subscription price will hereafter be $1.75 instead of $2, and those readers who have subscribed within the past year will have their subscriptions prorated and extended to cover the difference in price. In addition, the subscribers' edition will be printed on the best extra-heavy coated paper that can be bought. In order to make sure of getting a copy of YACHTING each month with the least delay, you will find it convenient to "sign on" for a year and have the magazine go direct to your home or office.

This change will be effective with the April, 1915, issue.

News of the New Rochelle Yacht Club

The Annual Meeting and Dinner

The annual meeting of the New Rochelle Yacht Club was held at the Hotel Manhattan, Saturday evening, February 6, and brought out a large attendance of our members. Reports from all of the committees for the past year were read, outlining the activities of the club during the season. The treasurer's statement showed the club to be in a very satisfactory financial condition. The house committee's report showed that the operation of the club restaurant by the club itself was a marked success, and anyone that used the club house much during the summer is satisfied that the service and meals were better than any heretofore served on Harrison Island, which speaks well for the first year in which this has been tried. The restaurant will be operated in the same way this season.

The regular ticket was elected, and the following are the officers and committees for the year 1915:

Commodore, J. Albert Mahlstedt; vice-commodore, James L. Givan; rear-commodore, Herbert L. Stone; secretary, C. A. Marsland; treasurer, Henry M. Lloyd; trustees, George A. Fisher, F. W. Isenbarth, A. D. Seymour; regatta committee, George C. Molloy, H. W. Patterson, D. Ed. Dealy; art committee, Harry A. Blevin, Henry Doscher; law committee, John F. Lambden, William P. Jeffreys; entertainment, Benj. B. Badeau, Ed. A. Sanford; nominating committee, J. P. Donovan, E. R. Leaycraft, H. J. Meyer; measurer, Roger M. Haddock

As the spring draws near, bringing with it the opening of the active boating season, it behoves each member of the club to see if he cannot bring in at least one new member. The club offers more in the way of boating facilities and social enjoyment to its members than almost any other organization on the Sound.

Trap Shooters Still at It

The trap-shooting team is keeping up its good work and won again in the shoot against the City Island Yacht Club on February 7. As this shoot followed the annual dinner of the club on the 6th (at which there was some very fine professional talent, which kept the boys up pretty late) it speaks well for the nerves (and capacity) of the members of the New Rochelle Yacht Club. The team was made up of Webb, Granbery, Pelham, Moore and B. R. Stoddard. Stoddard was picked as the fifth man before starting on previous form.

There will be an open shoot over the New Rochelle traps on Wednesday, March 3, and members of the trap-shooting team are requested to invite their friends to this event. On the 7th, at the club, high scratch was won by Mr. Stuart Scott, a visitor. High handicap was won by G. F. Pelham, who had 91 plus 10, total 101, against Alfred Stoddard, 80 plus 20 — 100, Moore won the 10 and 15-bird "sweeps" with perfect scores, and won the distance handicap with 20 on 19 yards. A leg on the Accumulation Cup was won by Hatch, with 25 straight, and on the Monthly Cup legs were won with perfect scores, handicap included, by Webb, Howard, B. R. Stoddard and A. B. Stoddard.

The team shoot with the Bayside Yacht Club for the Dupont Trophy on February 27 has not taken place at this writing, but if the boys keep up the pace they are hitting at present, and don't have too many club dinners in the meantime, we ought to have a good show of winning that also.

The final match will be held at the Marine and Field Club on March 20. Each club may have up to ten representatives, the scores of the best five from each club to be considered its team in each match. Each shooter must be a member of the club he represents. The club winning the most points in the three matches to be awarded the trophy. Individual prizes will also be awarded by the Dupont Powder Company to the five best men on the winning team.

At the annual meeting the commandant of the United States Army Post at Fort Slocum, New York, Lieutenant-Colonel G. Hutchison, was elected an honorary member. Colonel Hutchison at the dinner made himself very popular and gave a bright and mighty interesting little talk.

We haven't heard much about any new boats in the club for next spring, but after the March buying season is over we will probably be able to record a number of new yachts flying the burgee of the New Rochelle Yacht Club. The club already has one of the largest fleets in proportion to its membership on the Sound, but we want to make it even larger next year.

Among the "early birds" will be Secretary C. A. Marsland's ketch Guardia, which will go overboard and have her first trip to Lloyd's before the next issue of YACHTING is out.

Harlem Yacht Club Happenings

On the eve of Lincoln's Birthday the Harlem Yacht Club celebrated its winter dance and reception at the Hotel Astor. Promptly at 10 o'clock dancing commenced, and continued without interruption until 1 o'clock, when an elaborate supper was served in the Rose Room. At the conclusion of the supper dancing was resumed and did not cease until the small hours of the morning had passed into history.

The music was supplied by the Hotel Astor orchestra, and old shellbacks and young were alike unable to resist the inspiring strains. During the supper some well-known singers entertained, and professional dancers later gave exhibitions of dances of the 1830 period. Describing costumes is not in our line (though we feel fully competent to pass criticism on a sail plan), but it would not be fair to the ladies to pass by without comment the beautiful array of gowns which, with their fascinating owners, made the ballroom glitter. Although more than 300 guests were present the ball room was not uncomfortably crowded for dancing.

Messrs. Joseph Lyons and "Rudy" Weissker, whose acts have been before noted, were seen exhibiting their latest steps to an admiring audience.

During the course of the supper Mr. George Thomas, whose untiring efforts brought deserved success to the affair, was tendered the thanks of the club.

Practically all the committees have been filled for the coming year, but the regatta committee has not yet been named. We are informed that Capt. "Ben" Bates and Phil Fox are being considered, with "Bill" Hyde and "Ed" Tucker looming large in the distance.

We sincerely hope that the suggestions which have been made in these columns for the institution of real "Bay Races," to be held weekly or semi-monthly, on Sunday afternoons, will be favorably acted upon by the regatta committee. After conferences with the commodore and practically all the active racing members, it is certain that the movement has the hearty endorsement of the members. It is likewise agreed that two divisions are necessary for the success of the races—one composed of the larger boats, such as the Buzzard Bay's, New York 30's and 25-footers, and the other composed of boats rating in Class "R" and lower classes.

Such a series of races, based upon a proper system of handicapping, is bound to prove a benefit to the club and a great enjoyment to the members. The time-honored system of points used by the club in prior series should be abandoned, and in place the system of points adopted by the Larchmont Yacht Club be substituted. Under the latter system the number of starters for each race is fixed at the greatest number of starters who sailed in any race of the series, and points awarded accordingly.

(*Continued on page* 158)

Another 4-Cycle Gray

Model "D"

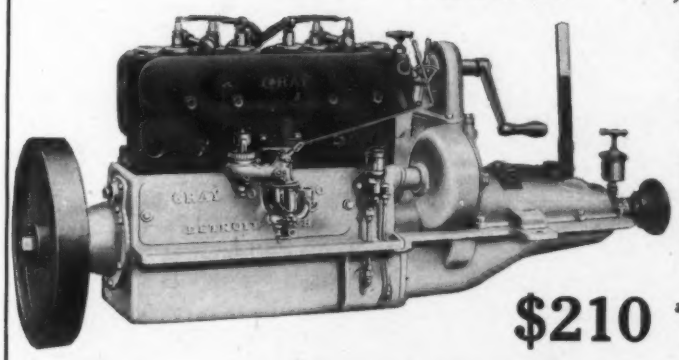
$156

and upward depending on equipment

8-10 H. P.—4-Cyl.
Bore 3 3-4 Inch
Stroke 4 1-2 Inch

"A Chunky Engine Built for Business"

Model "D," Built in 2 sizes



The 2-Cylinder, 8-10 H. P., and the 4-Cylinder 16 to 20 H. P. Model "D" Grays have the same size cylinders, pistons, bearings, connecting rods, etc. Below are some of their fine points:

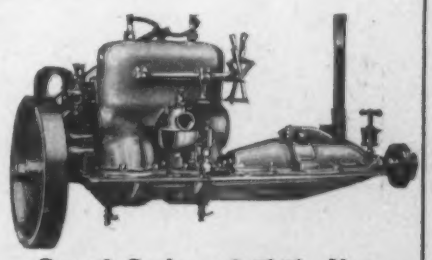
Cylinders cast 2 En Bloc.
Enclosed Valves.
Big Hand Hole Plates on Both Sides.
Crank Shaft, Drop Forged from Specially Selected and Heat Treated Carbon Steel.
Large Bearings.
All Bearings are Interchangeable, Removable Type.
Positive Plunger Pump, Circulating Oiling System.
Smooth Running.
Cams, Commutator and Pump Driven by Silent Chain Drive.

$210 and upward—depending on equipment—write for full description

GRAY 2-CYCLES

Gray 2-Cycle Motors are recognized all over the world as the standard 2-cycle marine motors, because we spend thousands of dollars per year in improving our 2-cycle motor and its production.

Gray 2-Cycles are powerful, smooth-running, thoroughly reliable, and are made of the best material and workmanship money can buy.



Gray 2 Cycles 3 to 36 H. P. **$55** Upward

GRAY MOTOR COMPANY

3308 Gray Motor Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

We are informed that the Jarchow Cup will be raced for this year, anl this is an added incentive to an already promising season of racing. It might not be amiss to change the terms of the gift of this cup so as to connect it with the Bay races.

Now that spring is approaching plans are about complete for several improvements in the house and grounds. We are promised a concrete walk and proper roadway leading to the club property and a concrete walk within the grounds. The main reception room is to be furnished with willow furniture. The dining room is also due for a complete change, and judging by the plans we have heard discussed will prove to be a very delightful room.

An automobile shed is talked of to house the cars in the back yard.

There has also been some talk of providing launch service for the members, but this as yet has not ripened into a reality. What will become of the fleet of power tenders in such an event is hard to forecast. Some of the members have begun work on their boats. The mild winter has made them feel lonesome for spring, when going into commission becomes an accomplished fact.

Carl Sieferth, in his helpful little book, "Handing it to the Beginner," thusly tells how to take out the rudder of a boat: "First you borrow a nice, large spade, and stand it invitingly against the boat. Then you invite a friend up to the club. If he is Irish you say, 'I gotta do a little digging so that rudder will have room to drop.' If he isn't Irish, you keep quiet. Then while you take a ruler out of your pocket your friend takes the spade and begins to dig. Until the hole is dug to the required depth assume a thoughtful look."

The Bay was blue and sparkling all last month, and those who had hoped to see it frozen over, and perhaps a little ice-boating, were not cheered by the soft lapping of the waves. Some of the members, notably "Ed" Lang, had some ice-boat sailing up at Greenwood Lake.

Anxious inquirers are sending still more anxious inquiries to the editor, signed Pro Bono Publico and Veritas, as to whether the Boots and Saddle division is some josh or no. It is no. From the beginning the horse marine fleet made a decided success of their organization, and now have a number of regular riders enrolled. Last Sunday, R. E. Carier, the M. F. H., was seen on what he said was a horse. Later he admitted it had clergyman's knees, a ringbone, a couple of spavins, tumble home quarters, a tender mouth and its wind was broke. From these symptoms we recognized its equine character.

A resolution recommending the establishment of a junior membership in the club with certain specified privileges will be presented by the By-laws Revision Committee at the March meeting.

Portland Yacht Club Members Active

The February meeting of the Portland Yacht Club was well attended—in fact, the attendance at our regular meetings is nearly equal to that of some of our fortnightly dinners. Several new members were admitted to membership and others are waiting to be considered at the March meeting. A committee to create plans and secure estimates on the proposed changes in our social room was appointed by the commodore. This committee reported at a special meeting on February 7, showing plans and probable cost. There seemed no reason for further delay, so the club ratified their findings and authorized them to proceed at once with the changes. Undoubtedly the contractors will begin work February 23.

The secretary made the following remarks concerning the election of Commodore Dyer to honorary membership to the Boston Yacht Club, the commodore happily responding:

"I suppose one of the greatest compliments lying within the power of any organization has been conferred upon the Portland Yacht Club. At the annual meeting of the Boston Yacht Club our Commodore, R. K. Dyer, was elected to honorary membership of that organization. We've got some Commodore; we all know it. However, we can share the compliment with him. The Boston Yacht Club has shown us how much they appreciate our efforts to make their visits pleasant, and their action is but one of the rewards derived from extending the glad hand of fellowship to the stranger. I am sure every member of the Portland Yacht Club has a warmer feeling for the members of our sister club and appreciate to the fullest extent their action."

The Little Dinner February 13 found nearly one hundred present. Mayor Ingraham graced the head of the table and beside him shone the genial countenance of Holman Day. The evening was, as usual, devoted to music and good fellowship.

February 22, Washington's Birthday, marked the third Army and Navy Night. This event last year proved a wonderful success. There were fifty-four officers (army and navy) in uniform besides nearly two hundred members and guests. This year's affair eclipsed that of last, and should the attendance keep climbing we shall be taxed for room.

The following were invited and nearly all accepted the invitation: Governor Curtis and staff, Mayor Ingraham, Adjutant-General George McL. Presson, Col. George W. Gatchell, Col. W. O. Peterson, staff and company commanders, captains, lieutenants of the Coast Defense, District of Portland; commander and lieutenants of United States revenue cutters and commander and officers of Maine Naval Reserves.

The Dutch lunch served by the club's Chinese chef was thoroughly enjoyed. Good music was provided and an excellent cabaret show held the boards for nearly two hours. The party broke up at midnight, every guest being loud in their praises of the hospitality of the club.

The secretary is working upon the last few pages of the Year Book. Nearly 160 yachts of all description were recorded. There are 435 members not counting the ones admitted in 1915.

The March meeting will be held Wednesday, the 3d. Another goodly bunch of applicants for membership is awaiting the action of the members. Portland is now being boomed by the prospect of a new chamber of commerce, so the members of our club are going to take it upon themselves to do a little booming for the club.

The handsome steam yacht Calumet owned by the Rev. Robert Codman, of this city, has been sold to G. H. Page, of Boston, through the Hollis Burgess Yacht Agency, of Boston. The Calumet is one of the finest steam yachts in the Portland Yacht Club fleet, and was built several years ago at Boothbay for Bishop Codman.

The Kennebec Yacht Club will have a new flagship this year, its commodore just purchasing a large cruiser from New York parties.

Power Squadron Notes

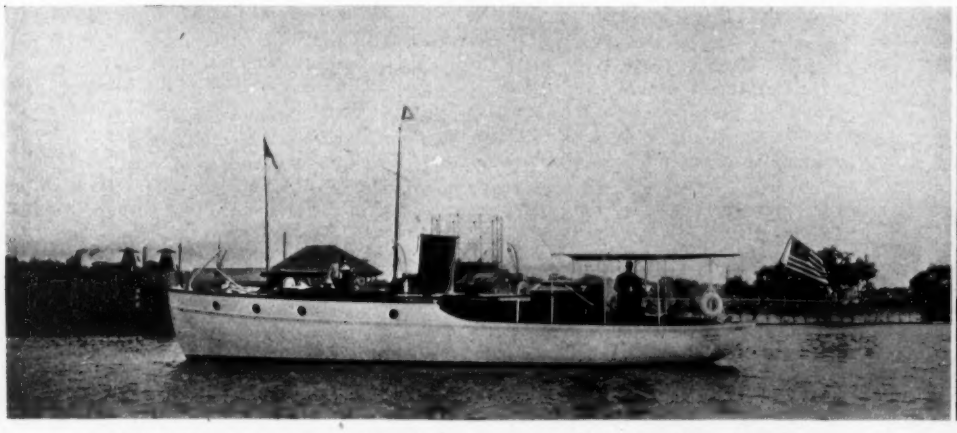
Secretary F. W. Wardwell attended the incorporation meeting of the United States Power Squadrons in Boston February 9. He was elected secretary and clerk of the corporation.

The Portland Yacht Club Power Squadron is holding a series of Smoke Talks. Several members have taken their examinations recently.

The dinner at Riverton Park was a most successful event, it being well attended and an unusual amount of interest shown.

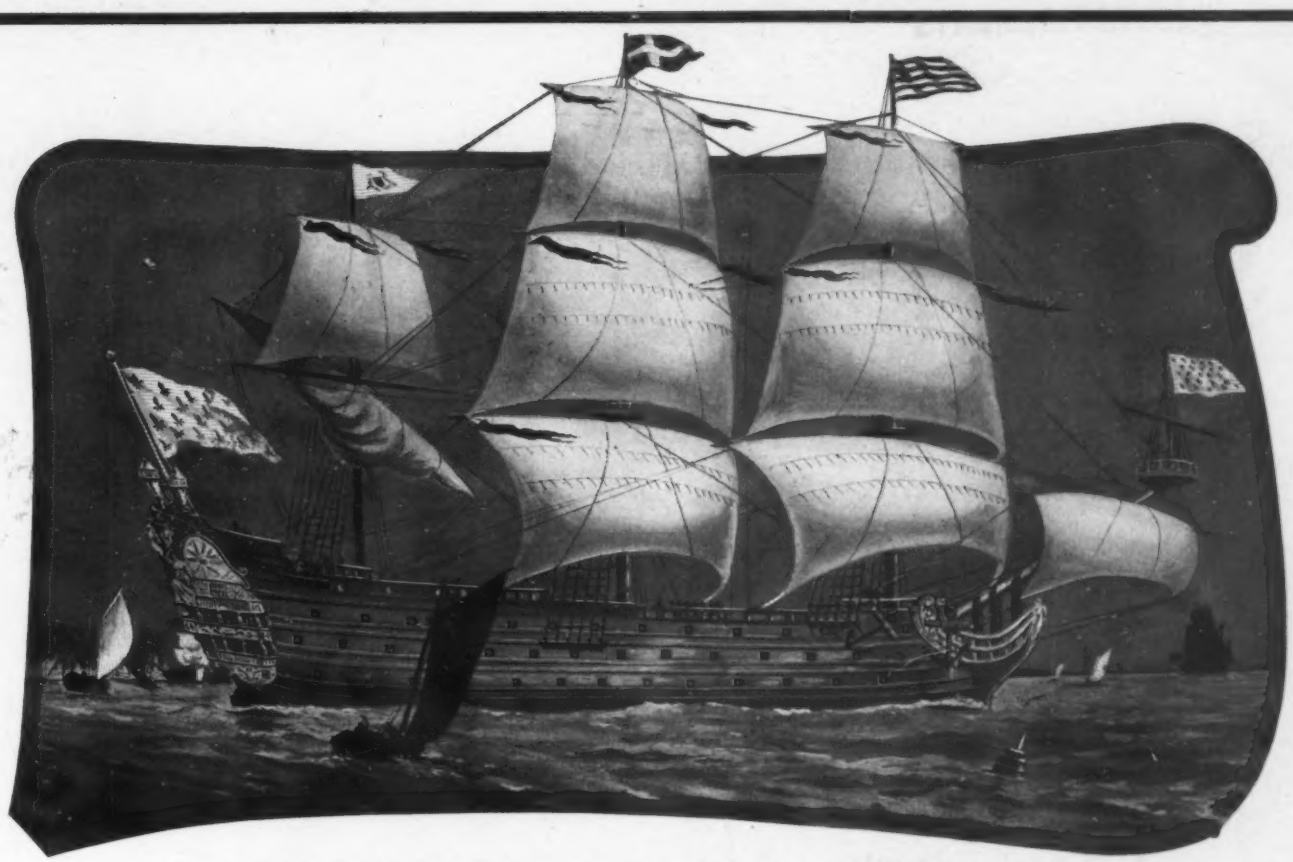
The annual banquet of the club will be held at the club house, Monday, April 26. Our new social rooms will by that time probably have been completed, and far greater accommodations than ever before can be had. In other years it has been necessary to seat the party in two rooms, but this year the entire party can be gathered about one monster table in the new banquet room.

Commodore R. K. Dyer has just returned from Chicago and Washington. While in Chicago he visited the Chicago Yacht Club. His story of his reception will be told at the March meeting.



POWER CRUISER NIRVANA, OWNED BY J. H. MERRICK, PORTLAND YACHT CLUB

SCHOONER CYGNUS, E. L. SWAN, PORTLAND YACHT CLUB



LE SOLEIL ROYAL—THE PROUDEST SHIP OF THE LINE THAT EVER BORE THE LILIES OF FRANCE.

THIS famaus old man o' war, carrying a hundred guns, and the flagship of Admiral Tourville, was the blue-ribbon vessel of her day. Naturally, she was equipped with the finest products of the sailmaker's art, just as the blue ribbon sailing ships of today, the Resolute and other cup yachts, all carry sails of

LOWELL DUCK

"The Standard Yacht Sail Cloth"

Sails to a yacht are as wings to a bird. Speed and power, precision in sailing, ease in handling—all these depend on the fabric of the sails.

The experienced yachtsman never fails to specify that his boat, big or little, be suited with Lowell Duck.

Ask your dealer to show you the name on the end of the roll.

BOSTON YARN CO.

BOSTON :: MASSACHUSETTS

Of Interest to the Skipper

PAGES 161-164 ADVERTISEMENTS

A Useful Hoisting Motor

A new device that will make a special appeal to the yacht owner who carries his tender on davits is a new gasolene tender hoist, doing away with the back-breaking job of hoisting a heavy tender aboard with a short crew, where it takes "all hands and the cook" to get one end up at a time.

This new device has been perfected by Mr. R. E. Olds, president of the Reo Motor Car Company, and a prominent yachtsman. His power cruiser Reola II was described in the December, 1914, issue of YACHTING. It is made by the Original Gas Engine Company, Lansing, Mich.

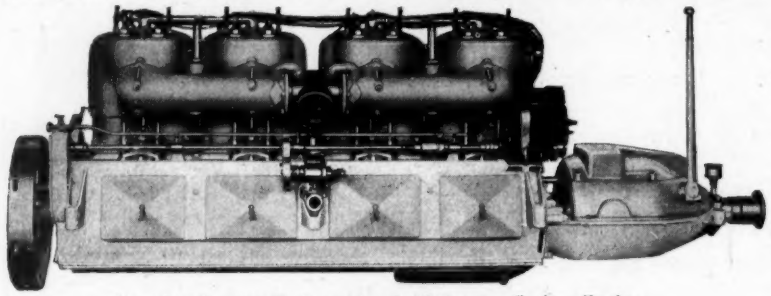
The device consists of a small 3-horsepower gasolene hoisting engine, fitted with double drums to hoist both ends of the launch at once. It has a lifting capacity up to 1,200 pounds, and will lift at a speed of 10 to 25 feet per minute, while it only occupies the deck space of 2 feet x 3 feet, and when not in use is covered by a neat box, which makes a comfortable seat. It can also be fitted with a double-chain hoist for weighing anchor, which will be a blessing to those who have broken their backs over bringing the mud hook home in a large yacht without a power windlass.

New Sterling Express Cruiser Engine

The express cruiser has met with a considerable amount of public favor of late, and to make good their policy for having a suitable power plant for every type of boat the Sterling Engine Company, of Buffalo, N. Y., are credited with designing a motor to meet this particular requirement. The new engine is known as the Model B-3, eight-cylinder express cruiser engine.

To the man who measures cost in comfort, safety, power, appearance and dependability this new motor will appeal.

It has incorporated in it every practical feature that is adaptable for this type of motor or adds to its efficiency. The illustration herewith gives one an idea of its refinement of detail. It is 5½ inches by 6¾ inches bore and stroke, and weighs 1,800 pounds. The cylinders are cast in pairs, and are provided with extra large water-jackets. The base is of manganese bronze, which is stronger than iron and yet but a trifle heavier than aluminum, and is of the semi-barrel type and fitted with extra large hand-hole plates, held by single studs. The oiling system is of positive level



New Sterling 150 H. P. 5½" x 6¾" Express Cruiser Engine

and splash in connection with a pump, which insures constant lubrication to all cylinders, connecting rods and bearings.

Among the express cruisers that have been equipped with this new motor are the Wilfreda, owned by Mr. Rutherford, of Port Washington, L. I., and capable of maintaining a steady speed of 21 miles an hour, and Mr. C. A. Cummings' express cruiser Celerity has a pair of them, and a score of other equally well-known boats have these engines for their power plant. A number of these new motors have been completed, insuring early delivery.

A further description with literature and photographs of this new motor will gladly be sent by writing the Sterling Engine Company, 1258 Niagara Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Some New Durkee Specialties

Some of the new yacht and motor boat specialties made by C. D. Durkee & Co., and exhibited at the Motor Boat Show, where they attracted the attention of boat owners and "Bugs," were the following:

The Hoffman shaft and stuffing-box protector, which not only saves the wear on the stuffing-box but also the expense of a new shaft. The construction allows for changing the worn part of the sleeve without removal and also makes a watertight connection.

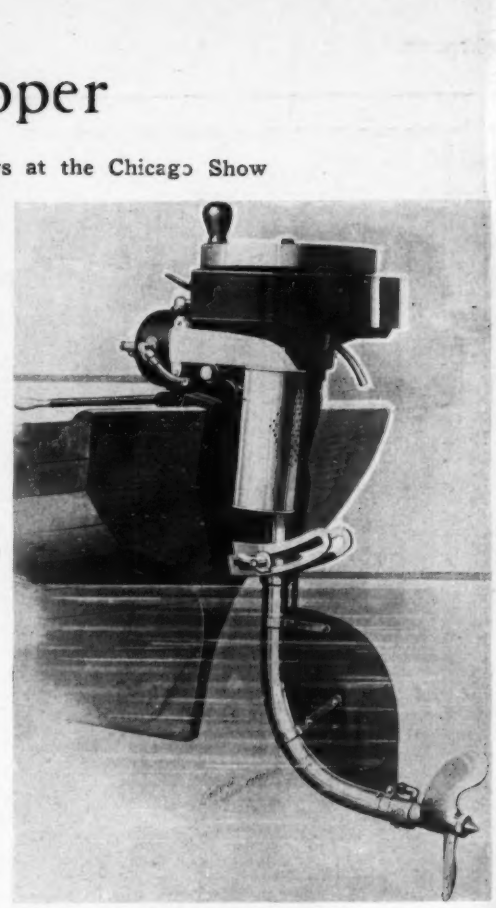
A new fog clock and signal attachment, for striking the fog bell or blowing the whistle automatically. It gives safety combined with the saving of labor. At anchor in a fog no anchor watch is needed, while under way in fog it saves the lookout attending to fog horn. It operates on four ordinary dry cells, and is adaptable for use with regular binnacle bell or electric horn.

The Knorr-Andrade stuffing-box is made of bronze and bushed with lignumvitæ. The lignumvitæ bushing outwears any metal bearing, saves friction load on engine, prevents all wear on the shaft and is easily removable. The stern bearing has lignumvitæ bushing and contains all the qualities of the stuffing-box.

An improved Reliable fire extinguisher. Durkee & Co. never hesitate to add anything that will keep their fire-fighter at top notch of efficiency, and they have added several improvements that keep the Reliable Fire Extinguisher at the top notch of fire-fighting appliances. One should be on every boat.

Grays at the Chicago Show

Following their aim of having "a Gray for every boat," the Gray Motor Company, of Detroit, Mich., will exhibit at the Chicago Motor Boat Show a complete line of engines suitable for practically every type of service, from a 2-horsepower up to a 50-horsepower. Gray two-cycle motors have been made along the same lines so long that they are practically standard in every particular. Model T is a heavy-duty, two-cycle engine, made in as high as 12 horsepower, single cylinder, for moderate-sized work boats. Model R has been built along the same lines for a number of years, and has proved its efficiency. It is a two-port while Model T is a combination two and three-port model. All the Gray two-cycle models are equipped with interchangeable die cast bushings, large hand-hole plates and either rotary or plunger pump. The Baby Grand is a new model brought out last year, designed especially for high-grade yacht tenders. Its popularity has been proved conclusively during the past twelve months. This engine is equipped with enclosed reverse gear, high-tension magnetos, and all parts possible are made of aluminum, while it is handsomely finished in gray enamel.



Gray gearless flexible shaft outboard motor; 2½ horsepower

Another Gray two-cycle is the Gray Gearless Outboard Motor, which has flexible shaft drive. A year's use has demonstrated the practicability and substantial qualities of this motor. It has a bore of 3 inches and stroke of 2½ inches, and is rated at 2½ horsepower. A picture of this motor is seen herewith.

Among the four-cycle models is a 16-20-horsepower, four-cylinder, with the cylinders cast en bloc in pairs; a four-cylinder, 30-horsepower, with air starter, and a six-cylinder Model C, rated at 40-50 horsepower, with the cylinders cast three en bloc. All these engines are fully described in the Gray catalogue, which may be obtained either at the Show or by writing to the Gray Motor Company, 3308 Gray Motor Building, Detroit.

New Buffalo Catalogue

We have just received from the Buffalo Gasolene Motor Company their new catalogue for 1915. In this book the boat owner who uses power in any form will find a great deal to interest him. It is one of the handsomest and best arranged catalogues that has ever come to our attention, and not only does it describe the Buffalo motors, from the 2-3-horsepower, single cylinder to the big 125-150 six-cylinder, for all types of service, but also has photographs of the shops in which these motors are made, sectional and "ghost" illustrations of the various working parts of the motors, and a page of Buffalo powered boats of all types. It is well worth reading, and can be had by writing to the Buffalo Gasolene Motor Company, 1271-1283 Niagara Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Speedway Boats and Engines at the Chicago Show

At the Chicago Motor Boat Show, at the Coliseum, Chicago, the Gas Engine & Power Company and Chas. L. Seabury Company, Con., show their 32-foot mahogany runabout and their new 25-foot flexible Speedabout, which they exhibited at the New York Show.

These boats are of the fast runabout type, the former being powered with a 40-horsepower Speedway engine the latter with a 22-28-horsepower Speedway, which gives her a speed of 18 miles an hour. They also exhibit their new heavy-duty Speedway motor and the new Speedway alcohol yacht stove and range, without which no yacht is complete.

The Practical Evinrude Motor

In describing the Evinrude motor in the last issue of YACHTING, we stated that two of their models, B and D, were equipped with battery ignition. This was an error, for, while they can be equipped with battery ignition if desired, the standard equipment of these models include built-in magnetos. The company claims that while they can furnish battery

(*Continued on page 165*)

Of Interest to the Skipper

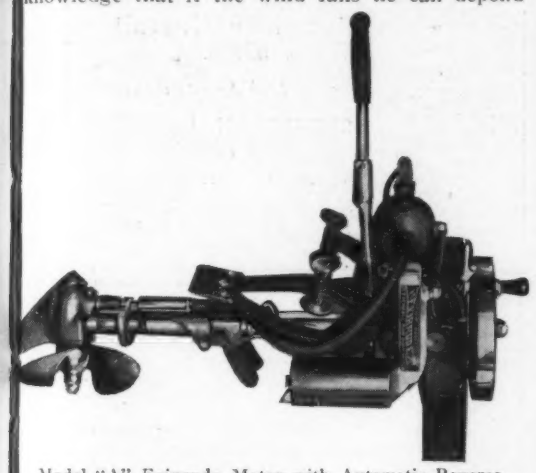
(*Continued from page* 160)

ignition on many of their models for $5 less, 95 per cent of their orders specify the magneto.

The Evinrude rowboat and canoe motor is not merely a pleasure machine. It fills many requirements in the field of practical operations, and is to-day used from Cape Horn to the Land of the Midnight Sun in practically every civilized as well as many uncivilized countries.

The Evinrude Company has received innumerable testimonials from users who have used the Evinrude to tow other craft. One owner writes, says the company: "Enclosed are three photos of myself and the little Evinrude with four boats in tow. You will note that there are twelve men and the equipment must have easily weighed more than a thousand pounds."

Owners of small sailing yachts have found the Evinrude a most valuable accessory. With an outboard motor aboard the yachtsman can enjoy the peace of mind which is assured by the knowledge that if the wind fails he can depend

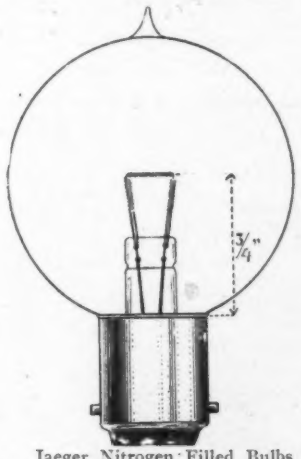


Model "A" Evinrude Motor with Automatic Reverse

upon the powerful little Evinrude stowed away in the locker to take him where he desires. The design of a yacht in this issue shows a small deck hatch to allow one of these motors to be clamped on the stern of a sailboat.

For a Real Searchlight

The H. J. Jaeger Company are manufacturing an entirely new "nitrogen gas filled" incandescent lamp which will make possible the use of a real searchlight for motor boats. These lamps are made in voltages from 6 to 14, and in various candle-powers from 24 to 50. The average specific consumption of these lamps is one-half (½) watt per candle-power, which makes their use very economical. They throw a powerful white, dazzling light which can be seen at a great distance, and makes night trips very pleasant and perfectly safe. The price of the new lamp is well within the reach of every motor boat owner.



Jaeger Nitrogen Filled Bulbs for Searchlights

Sonderklasse Champion
"ELLEN"

Sails made by
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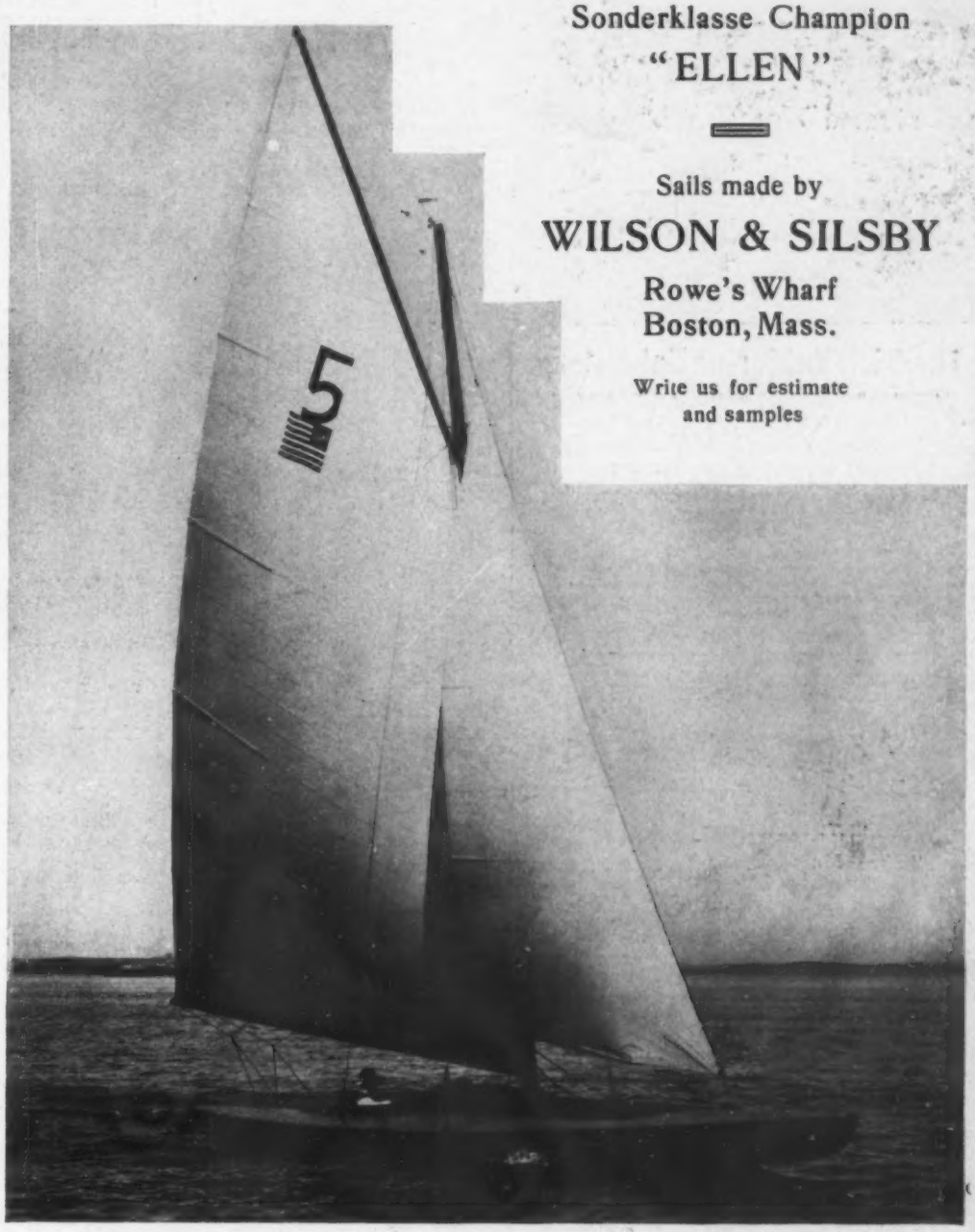
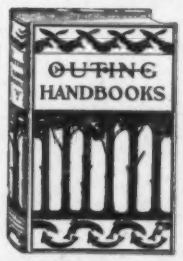


Winner Corinthian Yacht Club Sonder Championship with an average of .774 per cent.

To get the greatest pleasure out of camping you must know how. To know how you should have experts to tell you. Experts have written how in the



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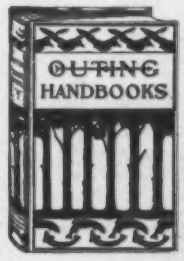

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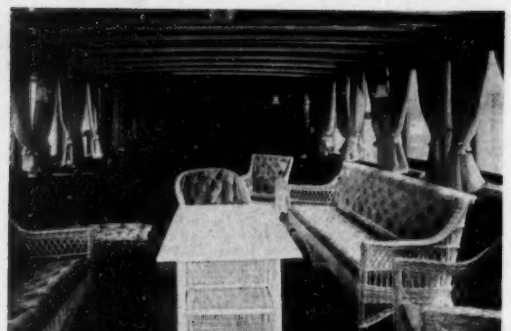

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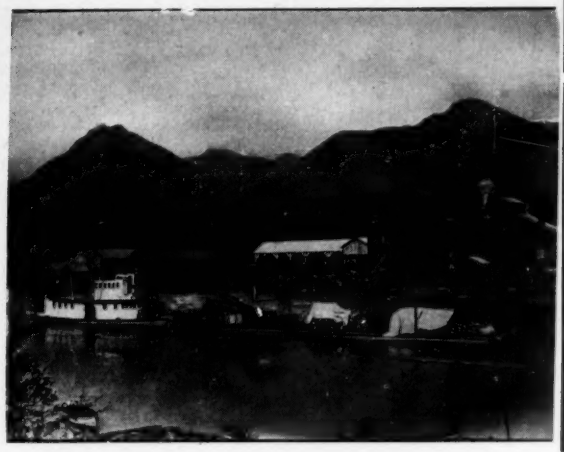
Satisfied Wolverine Owners

After working hard to turn out the best engine possible, it certainly must be a satisfaction to a manufacturing concern to know that the buyers of these engines are satisfied from the ground up, and even take the trouble to express their satisfaction.

The following letters, recently received by the Wolverine Motor Company, of Bridgeport, Conn., from two extremes of the North American continent, are certainly interesting, and show conditions which an engine builder has to meet in order to ensure satisfaction on the part of the purchaser. We believe that our readers will appreciate them to the full:



CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.

GENTLEMEN:—I take this opportunity of bragging about my 50-horsepower Wolverine. I made over 6,000 miles last summer without a breakdown, and have been running all winter and still at it, and no breakdown, and using cheap gasolene at that. Can tow anything that has both ends loose.

Also this:

GOLDEN, B. C., CAN.

I am sending you photo of the steamship Selkirk pushing two scows ahead of her, the one next to the boat 40 feet x 16 feet, the one ahead 62 feet x 14 feet. The boat herself is 68 feet x 11 feet. All this is driven up stream against a 3-mile current at the rate of 50 miles a day, or 100 miles in two days, which is the length of our run, by one 27-32-horsepower Wolverine engine, which pounds away just like a clock, so long as she has oil and fuel, while the enjoy the scenery along the upper Columbia River.

Some Hints on Buying a Boat

(*Continued from page* 133)

the inside with that of the outside. In an old rope they are both a uniform gray while in a new rope the inside fibers will show up bright and yellow.

The standing rigging must also be examined carefully, particularly at the splices or where there is a sharp nip. If splices are covered with raw hide, or are parceled and served with marline, strip this off in one or two places and see how the wire looks under it. The running rigging should be looked over also, although this is not so much of an item and is not particularly expensive to renew.

In conclusion, let me strongly advise that you deal with a reputable yacht broker. He always has a complete description of boats for sale, which item alone will save you a great deal of trouble and expense in trips to inspect unsuitable craft. He knows all the technicalities of transferring ownership, will see that the proper inventory is made up and the items on it delivered, and will make out a bill of sale that will protect you from loss in case of unpaid bills against the former owner or unsatisfied claims on the boat.

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Now is the logical time for you to investigate before fitting out for next season.
Write us for our catalog and price list.

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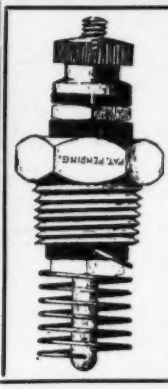

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Live Agents wanted.

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The Jones Sailmaking Co.
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Write for estimate before going elsewhere

UNMATCHED SPEED—Extra Power—No Vibration

Speed that runs away from any other rowboat motor—power to carry heavier loads—no vibration to shake boat

The 2-Cylinder KOBAN ROWBOAT MOTOR

Last season's record proved its mettle. Absolutely dependable—easy to start—reverses by simply pressing button—weedless propeller.

2-CYLINDER—RACER TYPE

The Koban has 2 opposed cylinders—that's what removes vibration—3 H. P.—nearly double that of other motors—speed line propeller. Best constructed rowboat motor on the market.

Write for 1915 catalog—Active Agents Wanted
Koban Mfg. Co., 236 So. Water St., Milwaukee

The Loss of Schooner Yacht Idler

(*Continued from page 153*)

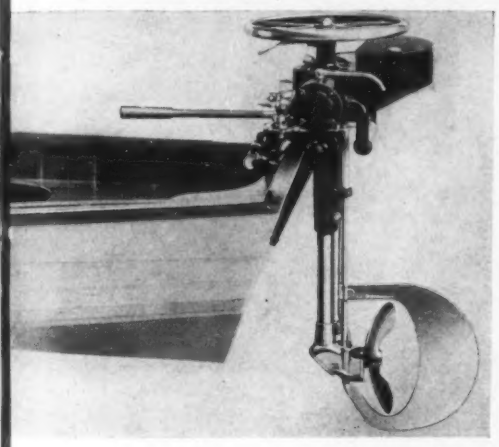
swept by such irresistible breakers must have swamped very soon and all hands drowned forthwith. Taking to the rigging of such a vessel at such time would afford little safety, and any person on deck must have been soon swept off and immediately beaten under and drowned. A small boat, liferaft or other known means of assistance would have been of no avail."

Some days after the vessel broke up, blankets and articles were washed ashore from the wreck identifying the vessel as the Idler, and later an unidentified body came ashore.

The last vessel totally lost on Diamond Shoals before the Idler was the three-masted schooner Harry Prescott, which stranded in January, 1912, though her crew was rescued by the Cape Hatteras power surf boat, after having been in the rigging and on the bowsprit all night.

Koban Two-Cylinder Detachable Rowboat Motor

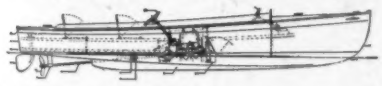
The Koban Manufacturing Company, Milwaukee, Wis., introduced last year a two-cylinder detachable rowboat motor, and this interesting little machine was seen at the Garden during the Show week, and will be exhibited also at the Chicago



Koban 2-Cylinder, 3-H. P. detachable motor

show. The makers of the Koban motor claim that the two-cylinder principle eliminates the vibration which is common to single-cylinder engines, is better balanced, and, in addition, that it gives double the power and 50 per cent more speed. The cylinders are opposed, one on either side of the shaft. The engine is rated at 3 horsepower, though the makers claim that it will develop in excess of this figure. It is fitted with a 9-inch propeller on high-speed lines, with a pitch of 16 inches. The speed range is from 200 to 800 revolutions per minute.

RICE STOCK MOTOR BOATS



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Is It Planning to Send One?

Is there a committee for Belgium relief in your community?
If there is none, start one under our official sanction.

The Commission for Relief in Belgium

Sole Clearing House for All Belgium Relief

Railroads, express companies, postoffices, governors and state committees are aiding. Our Flotilla of Mercy, comprising thirty chartered ships, is constantly carrying food, **But—**

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Are You Helping in this Relief Work? If Not, Send in Your Name Now!

Make out your check or money order, or send cash either to your local or state committee, co-operating with The Commission for Relief in Belgium, or directly to the New York Headquarters, where it will be credited to your state. Address as follows:

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